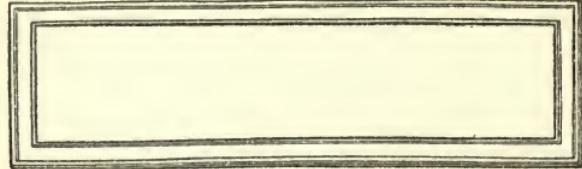
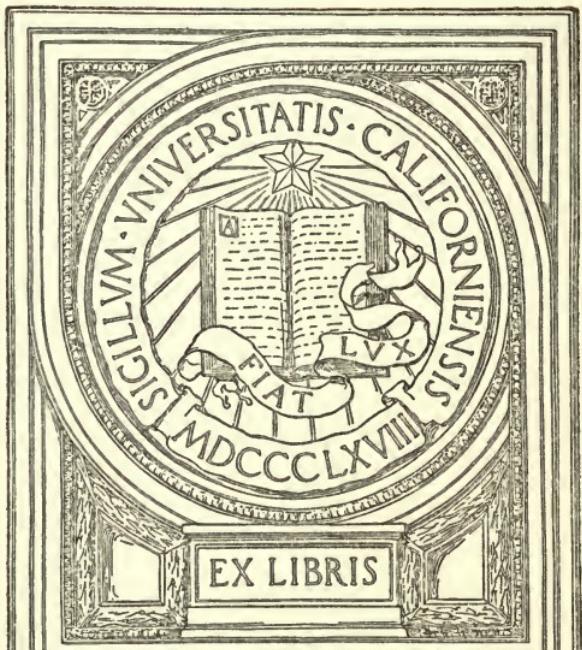


George Arnold

Lyman H. Bagg.



V

P O E M S
GRAVE AND GAY.

BY

GEORGE ARNOLD.

II

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IN the biographical sketch of George Arnold that is prefixed to "Drift" I have recorded the principal events of his life, and have described his character as it was known to me. In that volume, also, I have presented many poems which illustrate the nobleness, the gentle simplicity, the tender human sentiment, the winning quaintness, and the half-cheerful, half-sad repose, that were blended in his character, and that made him so delightful and so dear to his numerous friends. While interpreting his nature, those poems likewise prove his genius. That genius, however, was manifested in various aspects, by other works; and these — in pursuance of the solemn duty that has been

intrusted to my hands by the relatives of the departed poet—I am to place before the public. The present volume comprises a number of his poems that have been gathered since the compilation of “Drift,” together with a portion of his humorous and satirical verse. There remain to be reproduced his humorous Prose Writings, his Tales and Sketches, and those pieces of his comic verse for which he made drawings, and which would lose much of their significance if printed apart from the illustrations. Meanwhile, upon this volume and its predecessor rests George Arnold’s title to an honorable fame among the poets of America.

That such a fame awaits him I cannot doubt. To contemplate these poems with the eyes of affection is, perhaps, to see in them a deeper meaning and a higher value than they possess. Yet affection, though it be not critical, is clear-sighted. In this instance, anticipating the verdict of the impartial future, I believe that Arnold will be recognized as truly a poet,—as one,

that is, who knew and worshipped and could interpret the beautiful ; who understood, by poetic intuition, the heart of man and the sanctity of Nature ; who felt, therefore, the deep, latent tragedy of human life, and heard the voice of God in rustling leaf and babbling brook and murmuring surges of ocean ; who widely sympathized with the aspirations of humanity, desiring that happiness might prevail as the fruit of justice ; who uttered, in many admirable forms of art, the truth which he saw and felt, and the ideal for which he longed ; and who preserved, through care and sin and sorrow, a simple nature, a true heart, and perfect faith in goodness and beauty. This is the testimony of his poems. They do not, indeed, strikingly evince that greatest of poetic faculties, imagination. They do not even evince a fixed and controlling intellectual purpose. Yet they reveal, with graphic clearness, one of those finely organized natures,—seldom sent on earth, but always sent to bless,—in which the fire that

burns with such strange, erratic lustre is the divine fire of genius.

It is generally futile to conjecture what a man would have been, and what he would have done, under other circumstances than those which actually surrounded him. Yet I cannot but think — remembering how much greater Arnold was than the writings which he has left — that, under happier conditions, he would have wrought to better purpose and would have enriched the literature of his country with riper and more massive works. The critic will detect in his poetry the elements of fever, recklessness, and melancholy : but it is easy to explain their presence. He lived, ripened, and died within the brief period of thirty-one years. His lot was cast amidst a civilization the enormous physical activity of which precludes repose, and is thus an enemy to genius and to art. Moreover, the best years of his life — which were the last — were those wild years of civil war that forbade poetic meditation. Then, too, his personal ex-

perience had warped him from happiness. He began life with exultant enthusiasm. He believed in everything,—in love, in hope, in ambition, in pleasure, in the rewards of the world and in the promises of fame. Passion came to him, and sorrow in its train; but, to his deep nature, a common grief broadened into a profound tragedy. Too brilliant to brood, he plunged into pleasure. Then came a mood of philosophical apathy, in which he tired of love and sorrow and the whole strange pageant of human life. Four lines in this book, entitled "An Autobiography," suggest this mood in a very forcible manner. Among the last words that he wrote, also, are these, which I copy from the manuscript of his last McArone letter: "To sit in the chimney-corner and smoke a pipe, looking tranquilly backward upon all the troubles and trials and tribulations, the losses, the disappointments, the doubtings and fearings that make up the bitterness of life,—to look back upon these as things of the past, matters of history, already uninterest-

ing to the present generation, is a boon I do mightily desire." In the sad sincerity of these words his temperament is clearly revealed,—a temperament that could not, and did not, favor elaborate efforts in literary art. He wrote continually, however, and without artifice; and, despite this inward apathy, he never lost the poet's devotion to Nature, nor the gentleman's humane sensibility, nor the practical thinker's capacity to cope with the affairs of every-day life. His sadness was for himself; his cheerfulness was for others. Those who met George Arnold saw a handsome, merry creature, whose blue eyes sparkled with mirth, whose voice was cheerful, whose manners were buoyant and winning, whose courtesy was free and gay. He had a smile and a kind word for every good fellow. He saw the best side of persons and of things. His large humanity was quick to find excuses for the errors and the faults of his comrades. He could throw himself with hearty zest into the pleasures of the passing hour; and thus,

wherever he went, he attracted friends. Among men of letters his presence was sunshine. None could take keener delight than he did in

“Genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute and graceful jest.”

He mingled with many classes of persons, and he was a favorite with them all. Upon the minds of conventional people, indeed, I dare say that he often left an erroneous impression ; for he had a lively impatience of the commonplace in life and letters, and he was remarkably proficient in the art of “chaffing.” It is not to be denied, either, that the moral discipline of his life was imperfect. He often yielded to sensuous impulse. Yet the basis of his nature was goodness, and the current of his life sparkled with graces as it flowed onward from light to darkness.

Many pictures of him rise before me, as I think of pleasant hours passed in his society, in years that are forever gone,—of long rambles by day, and sad or merry talk by night, over pipe and bottle, in quiet lodgings wherein we dwelt together.

His affectionate sympathy, his quaint cynicism, his wit, and his humorous philosophy were, at such times, inexpressibly winning. He had read many books,—his favorite authors being Balzac and Byron,—but he had studied Man and Nature with deeper relish; and hence his conversation was vital and various with the fruits of observation rather than reading. But no personal reminiscence, no tender, regretful word, can now reanimate his silent face or rekindle his “spell o'er hearts.” In the love of his friends he can live but for them alone. For others he must live in his works, if he live at all.

“Thy leaf has perished in the green :
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.”

What, then, is done? . . . The question is partly answered in these two volumes of poems. A few words relative to the details of Arnold's literary career may chance to answer it still further.

He was a writer from the first. While yet a boy he used to amuse himself by making little newspapers, writing the articles and printing them with his pen. Several years later he began to keep a poetical Diary, in that delicious Italian stanza which doubtless Byron's "Don Juan" had commended to his fancy. This Diary he kept for a long time, so that it filled a large volume ; but, ultimately, and no doubt wisely, he destroyed it. In letters to his friends, also, — which he used to ornament with illustrative drawings, — his literary faculty found practice. How he drifted from Painting to Literature, in or about the year 1853, has already been noted. There were fewer periodicals published in New York then than there are now, and hence fewer opportunities were afforded to writers. Yet he was soon actively employed as the sub-editor of a story-paper ; and he was remarkably efficient and successful in this office. His taste, however, soon impelled him to decline editorial cares ; and from this time forward he seldom accepted duties that could restrict his per-

sonal freedom. He could work in the most orderly manner, and with unflagging industry ; but he preferred to work whenever and wherever impulse directed him. In pursuing this policy he became a contributor to many publications. His writings, as far as collected, have been drawn from twenty-seven periodicals. He preserved printed copies of a part of them, but in general was careless of their fate. The collection of his stories numbers one hundred and ninety-four, and is still incomplete. To trace all his essays, sketches, art-critiques, book-reviews, jokes, and paragraphs would be impossible, they are so numerous and so widely scattered. It is enough to say, that many a brilliant article that has anonymously gone the rounds of the press within the last ten years, delighting hundreds of readers, came from his pen,—carelessly sold, to supply the need of the moment, and then forgotten. In the prominent magazines of the country he is represented by only a few poems and stories. He was not fastidious in the sale of his writings. The nearest

purchaser satisfied him. A trifling incident will illustrate his carelessness in this particular. In 1861, when the outbreak of the civil war had caused a sudden stagnation in letters, he one day showed me a short poem that he had just written, and laughingly said that he should like to sell it. I thereupon offered to sell it for him. He told me to take it, and to accept the first offer that might be made for it. I sold the poem to a political newspaper for three dollars. He was delighted at this magnificent result, and immediately spent the money for a dinner, which we ate together, with great glee. He often gave his poems to editors who were his personal friends. He was not, however, a voluminous writer of serious verse. His comic poems are very numerous. At an early period of his literary career he began to write for the comic papers; and he continued to work in that vein till the end. *Vanity Fair*, which was started in New York in the autumn of 1859, by Mr. W. A. Stephens, gave him constant employment. This paper was discontinued in the sum-

mer of 1863, and its record of contributors and contributions has since been partly destroyed ; so that a complete list of the articles that Arnold wrote for it cannot be obtained. But it is certain that he contributed several hundred articles, in prose and verse, many of which he illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches. For *Mrs. Grundy*—commenced in New York by Mr. A. L. Carrol, in July, 1865, and discontinued after the publication of twelve numbers—he wrote twenty-nine articles, and supplied many clever drawings. His best known efforts in comic writing are his McArone Letters, commenced in *Vanity Fair*, November 24, 1860, and concluded in the New York *Weekly Review*, October 14, 1865. These letters include a comic novel, in ten chapters. He employed, also, among others, the pen-names of "Grahame Allen," "George Garrulous," "Pierrot," and "The Undersigned."

Other details might be given, but the record of his literary life is sufficiently complete. It was industrious ; it was successful ; it was brilliant :

future criticism must finally determine the value of its achievements.

The humorous and satirical poems contained in this volume are mainly those which seem to me to possess a general rather than a merely local and ephemeral interest. Arnold wrote many clever verses in satire of passing events ; but, now that the events have passed and been forgotten, the verses would appear to be pointless, if reproduced.

The present collection of serious poems includes, as already intimated, several which I was not able to obtain, prior to the publication of "Drift," as also several which, at first, I hesitated to print. It is easy to publish ; it is hard to recall.

The task which I have thus far fulfilled has been a sad one,—since it has caused my thoughts to dwell intensely upon persons and scenes that have passed forever away. Six years ago there was a brilliant circle of young writers in New York, of which George Arnold was a dearly loved member. They were all my friends. A few of

them are yet alive ; but the others have fallen asleep. Fitz-James O'Brien, Edward Wilkins, William Symonds, Henry Neill, Frank Wood, George Arnold,—the grass is growing upon all their graves.

“Like clouds that sweep the mountain summit,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
So fast has brother followed brother
From sunlight to the sunless land.”

I lay aside this pen with a sentiment of loneliness,—trusting, though, that, in an humble effort to do justice to one of these departed friends, it has not labored altogether in vain.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NEW YORK, August 25, 1866.

I.

G R A V E .

"'T is also well this air is stirred
By Nature's voices loud and low,
By thunder and the chirping bird,
And grasses whispering as they grow."

MILNES.

A SUMMER LONGING.

I MUST away to wooded hills and vales,
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and
silently,

And idle barges flap their listless sails. . . .

For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree.

I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds :
And Nature's voices say, in mystic words,
‘The green fields wait for thee.’

I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines,
And waves her yellow lamps above the lea ;
Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines ;
Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
May lie and listen to the distant sea,
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
Or insect-voices chirping shrill and dry,
In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,
While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,
And green fields wait for me.

FIRE-FLIES.

T IS June, and all the lowland swamps
Are rich with tufted reeds and ferns,
And filmy with the vaporous damps
That rise when twilight's crimson burns ;
And as the deepening dusk of night
Steals purpling up from vale to height,
The wanton fire-flies show their fitful light.

Soft gleams on clover-beams they fling,
And glimmer in each shadowy dell,
Or downward with a sudden swing
Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell ;
And on the fields bright gems they strew
And up and down the meadow go,
And through the forest wander to and fro.

They store no hive nor earthy cell,
They sip no honey from the rose ;

By day unseen, unknown they dwell,
Nor aught of their rare gift disclose ;
Yet, when the night upon the swamps,
Calls out the murk and misty damps,
They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

Now ye, who in life's garish light,
Unseen, unknown, walk to and fro,
When death shall bring a dreamless night,
May ye not find your lamps aglow ?
God works, we know not why nor how,
And, one day, lights, close hidden now,
May blaze like gems upon an angel's brow.

A SUNSET FANTASIE.

WHEN the sun sets over the bay,
And sweeping shadows solemnly lie
On its mottled surface of azure and gray,
And the night-winds sigh,—
Come, O Léonore, brown-eyed one,
To the cloudy realms of the setting sun !
Where crimson crag, and silvery steep,
And amaranth rift, and purple deep,
Look dimly soft, as the sunset pales,
Like the shadowy cities of ancient tales.

As Egypt's queen went floating along
To her lover, when all the orient air
Was laden with echoes of dreamy song,
And theplash of oars, and perfumes rare,
So will we float,
In a golden boat,

On velvet cushions soft and wide;
I and my love, the onyx-eyed,
Will watch the twilight radiance fail,—
Cheek by cheek and side by side,—
And our mingled breath, O Léonore,
Shall fan the silken sail,
To the shining line of that faëry strand
Where sky is water and cloud is land,—
The wonderful sunset shore!

On those dim headlands, here and there,
The lofty glacier-peaks between,
Through the purple haze of the twilight air,
The tremulous glow of a star is seen.
There let us dwell, O Léonore,
Free from the griefs that haunt us here,
Knowing nor frown, nor sigh, nor tear:
There let us bide forevermore,
Happy for aye in the sunset sphere!

In the mountainous cloudland, far away,
Behold, a glittering chasm gleams!

O, let us cross the heaving bay,
To that land of love and dreams!

There would I lie, in a misty bower,
Tasting the nectar of thy lip,
Sweet as the honeyed dews that drip
From the budding lotos-flower!

Dip the oar and spread the sail
For shining peak and shadowy vale!

Fill, O sail, and splash, O oar,
For the wonderful sunset shore!

ART AND NATURE.

I.

IN the dusk of summer even, when the roses
slowly swayed
To and fro, in gentle breezes that around the
trellis played,
And the rising moon wrought wonders of fan-
tastic light and shade,
I walked up and down with Florence, under-
neath the linden-trees,
Listening to the ocean murmurs, rising, falling,
with the breeze . . .
Murmurs faint but fraught with music, hints of
dreams and prophecies.

II.

Far below us, where the beetling cliff its dizzy
depth sheered down,

We could hear the song and laughter of the
merry-making town,—
That the murmurs of the ocean and the wind
were vain to drown ;
And above the rocks there flaunted, now and
then, a lurid light,
As the harshly hissing rocket climbed along its
fiery height, . . .
Piercing, with its savage splendor, the soft
beauty of the night.—

III.

Noise of drums and trumpets mingled with the
cadence of the seas ;
Bursts of wine-begotten laughter soiled the fresh-
ness of the breeze ;
And the heavy tramp of soldiers shook the lofty
linden-trees.
There, upon a rustic sofa, where the moonlight
whitely slept,
And a rustic roof gave shelter from the dew
that heaven wept,

We sat down to break the silence that till then
we both had kept.

IV.

Florence said: "How grates this feasting, this
wild noise of blatant mirth,
On the holy peace that hovers o'er the ocean
and the earth!
Why should man's best sense of pleasure to
such sights and sounds give birth?
Why not seek a calm expression for fulfilment
of desire?
Must our triumphs and successes all be writ in
words of fire,—
Words that leave but bitter ashes when their
fitful sparks expire?

V.

"Thus it is with men... they trample on the
dignity of man...
With our purest joys have mingled, ever since
the world began,

Brazen blasts, and blazing rockets, and the deafening rataplan !

Yet the moon in silent grandeur rises from the flashing sea,

And the stars burn on forever, and the winds blow ever free,

Calm, yet joyous, with an inner sense of holy ecstasy."

VI.

"Yes," I said, "'t is in our nature; we are somehow coarsely made;

And we think that our emotions, to be real, must be displayed;

That our feelings must be measured by our folly and parade.

Yet, perhaps, we err not greatly; man needs symbols, and we find

In this fire and smoke and clamor that seethe upward on the wind

Some external type of triumph gained by sword or gained by mind.

VII.

“Thus, the deepest-thinking student, when his
daily task is done
And his cloister is illumined by the last rays
of the sun,
Lays his ponderous ancient volumes in their
alcove, one by one,
And goes forth to seek companions in the cellar
or the hall,
Where the clinking of the goblets, and the dan-
cing-leader’s call,
And the hum of pleasant music on his weary
ear may fall.”

VIII.

Florence took the word up quickly : “Ay, your
parallel is true ;
And that all you men thus trifle is the greater
shame for you !
Are no deities more worthy than the mad Bac-
chanle crew ?

O you men! the wise and simple to the self-same tenets cling;
To the search for sensuous pleasures you your highest talents bring,
And your peals of shallow laughter through the holiest chambers ring!

IX.

You . . . confess it, now! . . . are longing to be yonder, down below,
Where through thick, black clouds of smoke demoniac bonfires redly glow,
Like the old, fiend-lighted beacons on the Brocken long ago!
You too love the brazen clamor, rattling drum,
and trumpet's strain,
And the gaudy rocket cutting this fair, moonlit sky in twain,
More than grand old ocean's music and the calm of Hesper's reign!"

X.

“No,” I said, “you judge us harshly; wine and laughter are not ends,
They are means to that enjoyment whereto
every spirit tends;
And ‘tis wise that man his labor with his pleasure sometimes blends.
Would you have us all ascetics, scorning what
our natures crave,
Toiling on, and noting nothing of the outer
fabric, save
It might be a gilded sunset, or the moonlight
on the wave?”

XI.

As I spoke, a filmy vapor, edged with pearl and
silver gray,
Passed across the moon’s broad circle, as it
floated on its way,
And a glittering path of diamonds far athwart
the ocean lay:

All the heavenly vault seemed opened where
the moon in ether rode,
And like Cleopatra's jewels on the dusk the
planets glowed,
While, below, the smoky bonfires made a vulgar
palinode.

XII.

“There!” said Florence, then outstretching her
white hand toward the sea,
“Dian thus asserts her greatness,—her fair right
of royalty;
Keep you all your baleful beacons,—leave the
moon and stars to me!”
Then she drew her robe about her, for the air
was growing chill,
And we homeward strolled together, by the path
around the hill,
Silently, and gazing seaward, where the moon-
path glittered still.

PSYCHE'S FEET.

HER feet, they are so small,
So delicate her tread,
The daisies do not bend at all
When she walks overhead ;
But each looks up, and falls in love
With Psyche's tiny feet above.

She walks with such an art,
And steps so daintily,
If she should tread upon my heart,
'T would still unbroken be ;
Unless 't were by the loveliness
Which Psyche's tiny feet possess !

MY WIND-HARP.

WHAT faint, sad sounds are these, the air
pervading?

Rising and falling with the winds that blow ;
Now keenly clear, like elfish serenading,
And now like angel-music, sweet and low.

Is it the gentle breeze of summer, mourning
Over its loved June roses' early death ?
Or doth Azraël give a solemn warning
To those he claims, with such melodious breath ?

No : 't is my wind-harp, in the window lying ...
I love to hear it, while I string sad rhymes ;
For its faint tones, like ghosts of dead songs, sigh-
ing,
Bring me quaint fancies of the olden times.

SEA-SHORE FANCIES.

O PLEASANT waters, rippling on the sand,
 Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
 Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What snowy little feet at girlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day ?

O waves, that foam around yon lonely rock,
 Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,
 Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more ?
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day ?

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas
 Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
Your spray is fragrance, on the fragrant breeze,

Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy isles
Where dusky maids make merriment alway,—
Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day?

O tossing billows, come ye from afar
Where over ice-fields the aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the northern star
That through the lengthened night of winter
gleams
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray,—
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms :
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
And chill it with the breath of icy storms :
Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray,—
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day !

THE OMEN.

A STORM is gathering in the seaward sky,
The sunlit islands in its shadow die,
And startled sea-gulls on the wind flap by.

Yet, faint and far, a single sunset ray
Slants o'er the waters many a mile away,
Making yon sail a Pleiad gone astray.

That ray is like one hope that lingers still
Through fears that sicken and through doubts
 that chill —
The victory of passion over will !

The black clouds thicken : well, so let it be :
But while yon sunlit sail I still can see,
I will believe that there is hope for me !

The shadows spread along the horizon,
... It faints ... it fades ; the sail is almost gone,
And with it pales the hope just now that shone.

'T is gone ! The waves upon the rocky shore
Break heavily, with hoarse and hungry roar,
And hope has vanished, to return no more !

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

IN flickering light and shade the broad stream goes,

With cool, dark nooks and checkered, rippling shallows ;

Through reedy fens its sluggish current flows,

Where lilies grow and purple-blossomed mallows.

The aster-blooms above its eddies shine,

With pollened bees about them humming slowly,
And in the meadow-lands the drowsy kine

Make music with their sweet bells, tinkling
lowly.

The shrill cicala, on the hillside tree,

Sounds to its mate a note of love or warning ;
And turtle-doves re-echo, plaintively,

From upland fields, a soft, melodious mourning.

A golden haze conceals the horizon,
A golden sunshine slants across the meadows ;
The pride and prime of summer-time is gone,
But beauty lingers in these autumn shadows.

The wild-hawk's shadow fleets across the grass,
Its softened gray the softened green outvying ;
And fair scenes fairer grow while yet they pass,
As breezes freshen when the day is dying.

O sweet September ! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

G O L D E N - R O D.

LIKE the nodding crest of a golden helm,
When the autumn west-wind bloweth,
Among the thickets of birch and elm
On the steep hillside it groweth.

There, when summer was young and fair,
And wild-wood roses scented the air,
I sat with hazel-eyed maiden Clare....

Alack ! who knoweth
How love goeth ?

The hazel-eyed one was fickle as gay ;
The wild-wood roses have faded away ;
And the golden-rod blooms on their graves to-day !

Well ; let a golden peace uprise
On the grave where my passion lieth !
Let me forget the hazel eyes !
As the bee, that southward hieth,

Forgetteth the wild-wood roses fair
When the golden-rod shineth upon the air,
So let me forget the maiden Clare !

Alack ! who knoweth
How love goeth ?
Why should I sigh for Clare alway ?
Genevieve's eyes have a gentler sway ;
And she smiled — ah, sweetly ! — on me to-day !

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

YOU know that great, white lily,—
That stately cup of creamy snow,—
That rears an alabaster lamp,
With broad, green blades below?

Madge has, within her chamber,
This scion of Nilotian race,
To typify the purity
That reigns about the place.

One day, a bud, fresh opened,
Shone out, a flower full-blown and fair,
And Madge—it was a way of hers—
Bent down and kissed it there.

Her ripe, red lips touched softly
Upon the cup of creamy snow,—
O, would that I a lily were,
That Madge might kiss me so!

O C T O B E R .

O'ER hill and field October's glories fade ;
O'er hill and field the blackbirds southward
fly ;

The brown leaves rustle down the forest glade,
Where naked branches make a fitful shade,
And the last blooms of autumn withered lie.

The berries on the hedgerow ripen well,
Holly and cedar, burning bush and brier ;
The partridge drums in some half-hidden dell,
Where all the ground is gemmed with leaves that
fell,
Last storm, from the tall maple's crown of fire.

The chirp of crickets and the hum of bees
Come faintly up from marsh and meadow land,
Where reeds and rushes whisper in the breeze,

And sunbeams slant between the moss-grown
trees,
Green on the grass and golden on the sand.

From many a tree whose tangled boughs are bare
Lean the rich clusters of the clambering vine ;
October's mellow hazes dim the air
Upon the uplands, and the valley where
The distant steeples of the village shine.

Adown the brook the dead leaves whirling go ;
Above the brook the scarlet sumacs burn ;
The lonely heron sounds his note of woe
In gloomy forest-swamps where rankly grow
The crimson cardinal and feathery fern.

Autumn is sad : a cold, blue horizon
Darkly encircles checkered fields and farms,
Where late the gold of ripening harvests shone :
But bearded grain and fragrant hay are gone,
And autumn moans the loss of summer's
charms.

Yet, though our summers change and pass away,
Though dies the beauty of the hill and plain,
Though warmth and color fade with every day,
Our hearts shall change not, for hope seems to say
That all our dearest joys shall come again.

And if the flowers we nurture with such care
Must wither, though bedewed with many tears,
They shall arise in some diviner air,
To bloom again, more fragrant and more fair,
And gladden us through all the coming years.

The sun sinks slowly toward the far-off west ;
The breeze is freshening from the far-off shore ;
So come, fair eve, and bring to every breast
That sense of tranquil joy, of gentle rest,
We knew in happy autumns gone before !

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

GORGEOUS leaves are whirling down,
Homeward comes the scented hay,
O'er the stubble, sear and brown,
Flaunt the autumn flowers gay:
Ah, alas !
Summers pass,—
Like our joys, they pass away !

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the spring I loved to lie
'Neath the newly budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky :
But, alas !
Time will pass,
And the flowers of spring must die !

Oft my maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone,
Warbled forth from every tree
Ere the meadow hay was mown :
But, alas !
Summers pass, —
Now, I wander all alone !

Love, like summer-time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay ;
But upon this autumn air
Floats a voice, which seems to say
“ Loves, alas !
Also pass,
As the summers pass away ! ”

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

GREEN were the meadows with last summer's
store ;

The maples rustled with a wealth of leaves ;
The brook went babbling to the pebbly shore,
Down by the old mill, with its cobwebbed door,
And swallow-haunted eaves ;
And all the air was warm and calm and clear,
As if cold winter never could come near.

Now, the wide meadow-lands where then we
strolled

Are misty with a waste of whirling snow :
The ruined maples, stripped of autumn's gold,
Sigh mournfully and shiver in the cold,

As the hoarse north-winds blow.

Yet something makes this frosty season dear,...
The Merry Merry Christmas time is here.

The Merry Christmas, with its generous boards,
Its fire-lit hearths, and gifts, and blazing trees,
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet accords,
 Its holy memories !

The fairest season of the passing year,...
The Merry Merry Christmas time is here.

The sumacs by the brook have lost their red ;
The mill-wheel in the ice stands dumb and still ;
The leaves have fallen and the birds have fled ;
The flowers we loved in summer all are dead,
 And wintry winds blow chill.

Yet something makes this dreariness less drear,...
The Merry Merry Christmas time is here.

Since last the panes were hoar with Christmas
frost

Unto our lives some changes have been given ;—
Some of our barks have labored, tempest-tossed,
Some of us, too, have loved, and some have lost,
 Some found their rest in heaven.

So, humanly, we mingle smile and tear,
When Merry Christmas time is drawing near.

Then pile the fagots higher on the hearth,
And fill the cup of joy, though eyes be dim.
We hail the day that gave our Saviour birth,
And pray His spirit may descend on earth,
That we may follow Him.

'T is this that makes the Christmas time so dear :
Christ, in His love for us, seems drawing near.

THE POET'S AWAKENING.

LONG had he been a thing of common clay,
A being of earthly mould ;
But, lo ! an angel crossed his path, one day,
And turned the clay to gold.

Silent was he : the angel came again,
And, as she passed along,
She kissed his lips all lovingly, and then
He opened them in song.

JACOB'S LADDER.

IT was a prophet slept;
And in his dream vast mysteries were
seen,—
A vapory cloud, that seemed to lower and lift,
Pierced in its centre by a glittering rift,
With splendid glimpses of the heaven between;—
And still the prophet slept.

A ladder from the earth
Far-slanting touched the opening of the cloud.
Thereon the prophet saw fair figures go,
With stately steps, serenely to and fro,—
Fair angels, filmy-winged and tranquil-browed,
Between the heaven and earth.

O prophet's dream of heaven!
Do I unfold your mystery aright?

Was not that ladder typical of love,
That leads us to our glorious home above,
And, thronged with angels, tranquil-browed and
bright,
Makes earth seem near to heaven ?

DEEP EYES.

THOSE eyes!... those eyes!...
O maiden, turn those eyes away!
My best ambition faints and dies
Beneath their gentle sway.
I list not fame's loud trumpet-call,
But idly sit and linger still,
A slave within the pleasant thrall
Of those deep eyes and thy sweet will.

Those eyes!... those eyes!...
While haunted by their lustrous gleam,
I care not to be great or wise,
And life seems like a dream.
The golden hours unnoted fly,
From idle night to idle day:
My books and pen neglected lie—
O maiden, turn those eyes away!

J A M S A T I S.

NOT much for sordid, golden dross I care,
I wish not much of worldly wealth to hold.
Seek her I love : look on her shining hair,—
Is it not wealth of gold ?

I am not envious of the diamond's flash ;
Its wondrous brilliance dazzleth not my sight ;
For her sweet eyes, beneath their fringed lash,
Make dim the diamond's light.

I care no more for music's dreamy swell ;
Nor flute nor viol greatly pleaseth me ;
Her speech is softer than a silver bell,
Her laugh is melody.

I leave the wine which once I loved to sip :
Why should I drain the crimson beaker dry,
When there is subtle nectar on her lip
That I may drink — and die ?

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

WHEN the sun has passed away,
When the night has crowned the day,
And the planet's trembling radiance
Rules above with gentle sway ;

Through the sighing poplar-trees
Floats a cadence on the breeze,—
Up into the moonlit heaven,
Out across the moonlit seas.

In the grand old garden, near,
Manly voices, singing clear,
Mingled with the quivering viol,
Pierce the midnight atmosphere.

O, 't is sweet, when day has flown,
By the casement, all alone,

Thus to sit, and drink, like nectar,
Midnight music's regal tone !

Lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Seest thou him who stands apart ?
None could sing thus save a lover,
And his song should win thy heart !

WINE SONG.

AS I pour the wine,
I behold its sparkles bright :—
 'Tis the light
Beaming, lady mine,
In those eyes of thine,—
 Beaming deeply bright.

As I pour the wine,
I behold its rosy flush :—
 'Tis the blush
Mantling, lady mine,
That fair face of thine,—
 Rosy-tinted blush.

As I pour the wine,
Its fragrance I descry :—
 'Tis the sigh

Coming, lady mine,
From that mouth of thine,—
Love's half-stifled sigh.

As I drink the wine,
Thrills my heart with sudden bliss : —
Like the kiss
That proclaims thee mine....
Is there aught divine
Save a lover's kiss ?

LUCIDORA.

O'ER a moorland strange and lonely
Leans an ancient trysting-tree ;
There I sit and ponder only
On the days long past for me.
Lucidora ! . . . Lucidora !
Sweet and sad are dreams of thee !

Here we met in summer's blooming,
Happy in those days were we ;
But the winter snows, entombing
All our joys, have fallen on me.
Lucidora ! . . . Lucidora !
Few are loved as I loved thee !

Thou wert fair, . . . none else were fairer. . . .
Stars that light a tropic sea
Have no radiant lustre rarer

Than the light thou gavest to me....
Lucidora !... Lucidora !
Naught on earth was like to thee !

Those dear days are gone forever,
Vacant must my poor heart be ;
For lost joys, returning never,
Leave this world a void to me.
Lucidora !... Lucidora !
I can only weep for thee !

ON THE BEACH.

THE wind is wild on the sea to-night,
The surf is roaring loud ;
The sand-flats gleam with spectres white,—
Spectres of mist in a misty shroud,—
And O, 't is a fearful night !

Alone on the shore I wander wide ;
The wind flings back my hair ;
The Past's dim ghosts about me ride
In shadowy troops on the murky air,
And over the sea-beach wide.

The light gleams forth from the fisher's cot
And shimmers along the shore :
The fisher heeds the tempest not,—
He takes no note of the ocean's roar,
As he sits in his peaceful cot.

Ah, deep in the waves of yonder sea,
My loved one lies at rest.
A cold, white hand is beckoning me
To find repose on that cold, white breast,
Lying beneath the sea.

L A U R E L.

O TWINE no garland for my brows,
 Of laurel buds and blossoms fair ;
But let the leaves hang on their boughs,—
 For them I do not care.

'T is true the leaf is smooth and fine,
 And groweth with a goodly grace ;
But hero's wreaths, on brows like mine,
 Were sadly out of place !

I care not for such vanity ;
I care not to prolong my name ;
Since she whose love is life to me
 Can never share my fame.

Then twine no hero's wreath, good friends ;
 For earthly fame hath naught to bless
The singer whose ambition ends
 With sweet forgetfulness.

ALONE BY THE SHORE.

I WALK by the shore, by the shore,—
I walk by the shore of the sounding sea,
And hear in its loud and thunderous roar
A voice calling out on me.

I sit on the sand, on the sand,
The foam and the froth go swirling by ;
The wind whispers gently over the land,
And seems like a human sigh ; —

A sigh for a friend, for a friend,—
A calm and a true and a noble soul,
Whose friendship and faith might nevermore end,
As long as these breakers roll.

Far out in the west, in the west,
The sun through his robe of vapor gleams ;

And so, like a king, right royally dressed,
Goes down to the land of dreams.

I look on my life, on my life,
A selfish battle it seems to me ;
I long for rest from its terrible strife,
Far down in the deep, deep sea.

I walk by the shore, by the shore,
And still as I gaze on the fading west,
I list to the voice with its thunderous roar, —
“O come, for the dead find rest !”

I WANT NOT LOVE.

I WANT not love, but who will be my friend ?
I feel the need of some kind soul, to strew
My way with blossoms, as I wander slow
Down toward the valley where all paths must end....
Can I not find a friend ?

I want not love,— I only want a friend.
Love's joys are rapture, but its pains are death ;
And joys and pains to love are food and
breath ;

So, when these weary arms I would extend,
Let them enfold a friend !

I want not love,— ah no ! I want a friend !
Why should a broken heart be tortured still ?
Have I not had of misery my fill ? . . .
But thou who readest what I here have penned,—
Wilt thou not be my friend ?

IN THE ORGAN-LOFT.

THE dead in their ancient graves are still ;
There they 've slept for many a year ;
The last faint sunbeams glance o'er the hill,
Gilding the dry grass, tall and sear,
And the foam of the babbling rill.

Into the church the ruddy light falls,
Through rich stained windows, narrow and high ;
Pictures it paints on the old, gray walls,
Scenes from the days that have long gone by,—
And hark ! — 't is my Rosalie calls !

She calls my name, — I have heard it oft
Just at the golden sun's decline :
I answer the call, so sweet and soft ;
And, turning, see where her bright eyes shine,
High up in the organ-loft.

I pass the winding and narrow stair ;
The gallery door stands open wide ;
I know no shadow of pain nor care,
While darling Rosalie stands by my side,
In the sunset light so fair.

What grand old hymns and chants we sang,—
Grand old chants that I loved so well ;
And the organ's tones,—how they pealed and rang,
Piercing the heart, no tongue can tell,
With what a delicious pang !

O those hours ! what holy light
Hovers around when their memories rise !
Music, love, and the sunset bright,
Tenderest glances from Rosalie's eyes,
And a long, sweet kiss, for good-night !

THE BROKEN CAVALIER'S SONG.

[“‘Well,’ said Don Sebastian, ‘our Spanish wine is sweet, if life is bitter !’ And, taking up the mandoline, with a kind of sad gayety, he began to sing.” — *Don Sebastian de Cerveñas.*]

THE jolly old world goes rolling round,—
 Drink wine, brothers mine !

The dead lie sleeping under ground,—

 Drink wine ! ’t is this we’re drinking
Kills all care and stops all thinking.

 Drink wine, beverage fine !

See through the goblets the rosy light shine :
Happiness lies in a flagon of wine !

The maiden I loved was fair to see,—

 Drink wine, brothers mine !

But long ago she jilted me,—

 Drink wine ! let glasses clinking
Kill our cares and drown our thinking !

 Drink wine, beverage fine,

No maiden's eyes can rival its shine !
Happiness lies in a flagon of wine !

I trusted a friend whom I thought true,—
 Drink wine, brothers mine !
He played me false and robbed me too,—
 Drink wine ! 't is this we're drinking
Keeps our spirits up from sinking !
 Drink wine, beverage fine !
Friendship nor love were e'er half so divine ;
Happiness lies in a flagon of wine !

My houses and lands, both park and moor,—
 Drink wine, brothers mine !
Have passed away and left me poor,—
 Drink wine ! 't is this we're drinking.
Kills all care and stops all thinking !
 Drink wine, beverage fine !
Brighter than gold is its glimmering shine :
Happiness lies in a flagon of wine !

IN THE ALCOVE.

ROUND and round the waltzers twirled ;
Through the hall the music rang,—
Viol's hum and cymbal's clang,—
Is not this a pleasant world ?

But Lady Clare passed by me,
And her lip was curved with scorn ;
I sat me down in an alcove,
And wished I never was born.

Up and down the glittering room
Went each dame and cavalier,
In the triple atmosphere
Of light, and music, and perfume.

But Lady Clare walked by me,
And tossed her delicate head ;
So there I sat in the alcove,
Wishing that I were dead.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS born some time ago, but I know not
why :

I have lived,—I hardly know either how or
where :

Some time or another, I suppose, I shall die ;
But where, how, or when, I neither know nor
care !

AT THE CIRCUS.

A CROSS the stage, with its blaze of lights,
From fly to fly in the heated air
A slack rope hung, and in spangled tights
Sat "Signor" somebody swinging there.

Now he swung by a single arm ;
Now by a single leg swung he ;
A fall had done him a grievous harm,
He balanced and turned so recklessly.

I watched awhile. "It is well," I said,
"If people want reckless feats, it is well.
The tickets are bought, the money is paid,
And 't were more of a show if he but fell."

I turned away : he was swinging yet :
And I glanced on the crowded house around, —

Boxes, circle, and wide parquette
Breathlessly watching, without a sound.

In a graceful pose, on a cushioned seat,
I saw Her sitting, to gaze at the man.
You could almost have heard my poor heart beat,
With the riotous blood that through it ran.

There she sat, with her splendid eyes
Fixed on the fellow so earnestly,
With more of the interest I should prize
Than ever she gave in a glance to me.

Every time that he balanced and turned,—
O, but her eyes grew large and shone,
Her bosom heaved and her fair cheek burned:
To me she had been like a block of stone.

This poor, pitiful circus man,
Swinging each night for his daily bread,
Had moved her more, since his act began,
Than I could, stretched on my dying-bed.

Hollow, hollow, and false as hell !

Love is a cheat, and life is a wreck !

What cared I if he swung or fell ?

What cared I if he broke his neck ?

DRINKING WINE.

" Plus sitiunt plus bibunt."

POUR the mingled cream and amber !
Let me drain the bowl again !
Such hilarious visions clamber
Through the chambers of my brain.
Quaintest jests and queerest fancies
Spring to life and fade away :
What care I how time advances ?
I am drinking wine to-day.

Here's a motto terse and sentient,
By it I will live and die !
Words of some rare tippling ancient,
" Ever drunken, ever dry."
Fill again ! let bubbles blind me !
Sorrow, hide thy face away !

Satan, get thee hence behind me,—
I am drinking wine to-day.

Cease thy pride of worldly glory,
Cease thy pride of worldly gold !
I have heard that pleasant story
Till it sounds a little old.
Let me drop such low ambitions ;
Glory gnaws the heart away ;
Gold demands too stern conditions,—
I am drinking wine to-day.

One more bowl — a goodly measure —
Ere my merry mood be gone !
Wine's a feast of perfect pleasure,—
Feast without a skeleton.
Love is false, and hope is waning ;
Life a failure is alway !
Wine's the only good remaining,—
Let me drain its lees to-day.

SONG OF THE SENSUOUS.

B RING me grapes, whose regal juice
All my pent-up soul shall loose !

Bring me snow-crowned amber goblets,
Overflown with liquid mirth !

Let the night consume the day ;
Suns and moons pass swift away ;

Let my life fade into pleasure ;
I am earthy,—of the earth !

Let me choose myself a bride,
Snowy-bosomed, dreamy-eyed ;

Let our love to new expressions
Every fleeting hour give birth !

Locked in passion's close caress,
Let us find forgetfulness !

What care I for aspirations ?
I am earthy,—of the earth !

Ye who list fame's trumpet-call,
Waste your lives and pleasures all ;
When your eyes in death are glazing,
What are future glories worth ?
Give me woman, wine, and sleep !
They who are in earnest weep :
Let me love and drink forever !
I am earthy,—of the earth !

Q U A N D M È M E.

I.

TWILIGHT is red in the west, and just where
the sun went down

Gleams a splendid halo, like that of a pictured
saint ;

The shadows of night fall fast, and purple the
moorlands brown,

While every passing moment the light in the
sky grows faint.

There are long dark lines of cloud that stretch
themselves in the west,

And tell of a bitter cold to come with the com-
ing day,

And ever upon the wind there wails a voice of
unrest,

Wailing and soughing, sad and low, for the sum-
mer-time passed away.

II.

Glorious Summer! the pride, the queen of the
livelong year;

When insects chirp in the grass, and birds are
carolling sweet;

When the moors are gay with flowers, and the
skies are diamond-clear,

And the honeyed clover-blossoms breathe fra-
grance under our feet!

Here, on this selfsame moor, in a spirit of glad
content,

Humming, perchance, to myself, some fragment
of musical rhyme,

Loitering, wandering idly, all careless whither I
went,—

Ah! how oft have I walked, when the Summer
was in her prime!

III.

Well, I am walking now on the moorland, just
as then,

But something has changed. Is it I? or is it the
whole wide world?

Does anything ever change, outside of the hearts
of men,

Drifted about by their passions, and hither and
thither whirled?

I hum no snatches of rhyme, and a leaden weight
of pain

Burdens my gloomy spirit, and fevers my rest-
less mind,

And I wander listless and slow, wantonly swinging
my cane,

Beating off the golden-rod tufts that rustle dry
in the wind.

IV.

And still there rises before me, wherever I turn
my gaze,

The figure of her that I loved, when the summer
was blossoming fair;

A beautiful, haunting ghost, the love of my sun-
nier days,

With her splendid, shadowy eyes, and her torrent of gleaming hair.
Lovely, loving, and loved ! I remember every caress,
Every word of endearment, and every gesture and tone ;
Even her light, quick footstep, the rustling of her dress,
Come to waken the olden thought as I walk on the moor alone !

v.

Well, thank God ! it is over, and naught but the ghost abides ;
I have cast her forth forever, and sealed the gates of my heart !
My pulse beats calmly now, as the flowing of ocean tides ;
And I know that love is but madness, and wisdom the better part :
For just as a woman is fair, so is she false alway ;

She is vain, and the flatterer wins where the
earnest man is scoffed ;
Give her but praise and folly, be idle, flippant, and
gay,
And just in a due proportion, as your head — so
her heart — is soft !

VI.

O, how I scorn myself, that I should be juggled
and fooled,
Vowing and promising love to an idle-minded
girl ;
Degrading my very manhood, to find, when my
blood had cooled,
That she had lent me a tawdry cheat, where I
had given a pearl !
She, — how well she could smile, while her heart
was a lump of ice ;
Kiss me, and sharpen a dagger to deal me a
deadly blow ;
Weave garlands of fairest blossoms, to deck me, a
sacrifice ;

And call me her dearest friend, while she was
my dearest foe !

VII.

High in the heavens above stretch threatening
hands of cloud,
And a muttered malediction is whispered now
on the breeze ;
Thus do I stretch my hands, and curse the fickle
and proud ;
Thus do I curse from my inmost heart all lovely
liars like these !
T is the brand of the eldest mother ; the cause of
the fall of man ;
We are weak and foolish, and eat of any fruit
she may give ;
And so I curse them all, who still, since the world
began,
Have smilingly poisoned our hearts until we are
loath to live !

VIII.

O, may the wrath of Heaven — But hold, — I
am rash, just now :

Would I really wring her soul, and bring her to
sharp despair ?

Wrinkle, with heavy sorrow, that beautiful, tranquil
brow,

And mingle silvery threads in the shining gold
of her hair ?

No : I would rather choose that she might repent
her wrong,

With a softened sadness, born of this she has
brought to me ;

The woman, after all, is not so sturdy and strong
As we, and we should forgive, if we would for-
given be.

IX.

Then, perchance, in the light that repentance
sometimes shows,

She could see this cross I bear, and pity my
weary lot,

Till, in a gentler moment, touched deep by these
cruel woes,

Her heart—it was always kind—might yield
once more; why not?

Ah, could it only be! What joy would I not give
up,

To know that my form again in its olden shrine
were set!

That again the wine of life could flash in the
jewelled cup—

O heart of mine! what is this? More than
ever I love her yet!

VANITAS.

A H, Love is very well,
In its way ;
But the knell
Seems a sadder tale to tell
Than the merry marriage bell,
Of its sway !

And Fame is good, likewise,
If you choose
To close your eyes
Till the heart's best feeling dies ;
And to seek a higher prize
You refuse !

And Wine is fair to see, —
Fair and sweet
As can be ;

But the joys it brings to me
Are like to misery
And deceit !

Not Love, nor Fame, nor Wine
Satisfy ;
All are fine,
But a shadow dims their shine :
So, since naught of joy is mine,
Let me die !

T I R E D .

L OVE? yes, it used to be good, in its way,
When my blood was warm, and my heart
was light;

But women, like men, are only clay,...
They are not angelic, quite!

Fame? no, I hardly fancy fame;
The poet must suffer as well as sing;
I have little taste for a "deathless name,"
"Glory," and that sort of thing!

Wine? I am even tired of wine;
It is not so sweet as it used to be;
Once its aromas seemed divine,
But now they are vapid to me!

I remember, though, when I prized them all,...
When love, and fame, and wine had power

To bind me fast, in a mighty thrall,
That lasted... may be an hour !

But love was only an honest cheat ;
Fame cost more than it ever could give ;
Wine was bitter as well as sweet :
With them it was death to live !

So now I have settled me down to rest, —
Perfect rest is my joy supreme.
Of all things earthly sleep is the best,...
But I cannot bear to dream !

A T N E W P O R T .

[UNFINISHED.]

I WALKED on Newport's frowning rocks one
day,

Watching the breakers' feathery lines of spray
Dash sternly up against the boulders there,
To fall away in nothingness and air,—
Just as we mortals, hopeful and elate,
Dash ourselves into nothing, against fate :
And — as we mourn to find our efforts lost —
The fretted surf, in frothy turmoil tossed,
Made melancholy moan, and seemed to tell
How brightly hope arose, how soon it fell.

Thus musing, I, in philosophic mood,
Was led upon man's littleness to brood,
And marvelled if he ever gains the prize
Which seems most worthy to his longing eyes. . . .

We toil for wealth, till, prematurely old,
We lose all taste for joys that come of gold.
We labor hard for fame, and find at last
That glory comes not till the grave is past ;
We sigh for leisure, but to learn, too late,
That heavy *ennui* is its wedded mate.

"It is the world," I said, "has gone astray ;
My star has risen on a thankless day.
Not now, as once, where swords are girded on,
Can victors triumph when the field is won.
The shout of conquering armies must arise
Only when death has glazed the hero's eyes,
And the good news of victory smite his ear
Only, alas ! when he has ceased to hear.
Bravest of all, he dies and never knows
Whether his friends have triumphed, or his foes.

"I will have none of this. I will forswear
The world, its feverish hope, its feverish care.
The student's toil is vacant of reward
As his who carves a future with his sword.

Let those who may find joy in dusty books,
Stagnate in alcoves, dessicate in nooks
Where dust and bigotry hold rival reigns,
And scholars fill their heads with dead men's
brains !

I will not waste my life from youth to age
To leave my name upon a title-page.

“ And so in all things Fate is most unjust.
Beauty itself is made of common dust.
The cynic's sneer was hardly less than true,—
Love is, indeed, but ‘ selfishness for two.’
Where Venus once with Hymen held her court,
Young men are bartered and young maids are
bought,
Unholy lips breathe forth unholy vows ;
And fading blossoms droop on faded brows.
So, till some purer life than this I see,
No nuptial garland shall be twined for me.

“ I will not mingle with my fellow-men,
To be deceived and to deceive again.

Call me ascetic, cynic, what you will,
I shall be calm and philosophic still,
And, all unheeding what the world may say,
Will not bow down to idols made of clay.
I care not for the verdict of the crowd.
Shame cannot crush, nor honor make me proud,
The while in perfect peace I dwell apart,
True to myself and tranquil in my heart.

“What matters honor and what matters shame?
A hundred years — and all will be the same.
Hence with the earthy idol and its throne,—
And let me walk forgotten and alone,
Where dancing mist and flying foam arise,
And distant seas commune with distant skies ;
Where slanting drives the white-winged ocean bird,
And naught save thunderous breakers can be heard,
Or solemn sounds of gusty winds that roar
Down the gray stretches of a ghostly shore.” . . .

Thus, with the billows’ murmur in my ear,
I was not conscious of a footstep near,

And, self-communing in my solitude,
Saw not a figure that before me stood—
Until a girl-voice, sweet as silver bells,
Rang out, “O come, and help me gather shells!”...
In dire retreat my gloomy fancies fled ;
The train of thought was lost: I raised my
head,—
And met a Fate against whose rosy chain
Philosophers philosophize in vain.

There, sharply drawn against a pearly sky,
I saw a face half merry and half shy,
With shadowy eyes and mouth of perfect mould,
And hair of softest brown inmixed with gold,
A slender figure, full of gentle grace,
Matched the rare beauty of the girlish face :
And to my eye the apparition seemed
Something an artist lover might have dreamed,
After a day of earnest strife with art,
To reproduce the darling of his heart.



G L O R I A.

[IN TIME OF WAR.]

THE laurels shine in the morning sun,
The tall grass shakes its glittering spears,
And the webs the spiders last night spun
Are threaded with pearly tears.

At peace with the world and all therein,
I walk in the fields this summer morn :
What should I know of sorrow or sin,
Among the laurels and corn ?

But, hark ! through the corn a murmur comes—
'T is growing—'t is swelling — it rises high —
The thunder of guns and the roll of drums,
And an army marching by.

Away with the sloth of peace and ease !
'T is a nation's voice that seems to call.

Who cares for aught, in times like these,
Save to win — or else to fall !

Farewell, O shining laurels, now !

I go with the army marching by :
Your leaves, should I win, may deck my brow,
Or my bier, if I should die.

CAMP COGITATIONS.

[IN TIME OF WAR.]

I.

THE moon is riding, full, behind the black
and naked trees,
Like a redly blazing beacon on the horizon it
gleams;
And the swaying cedar branches sigh more
sadly in the breeze;
And a hoarser voice is calling from the angry
mountain streams;
In the dusk the snowy tents of my companions
fade away:
Rocky crags loom high above me, purple shad-
ows round me fall,
And I hear the clang of weapons, and the hun-
gry chargers' neigh,
And the measured tramp of columns, and the
evening bugle-call.

II.

Eighteen centuries have fleeted since upon the earth there came

One who taught the creed of kindness, of forgiveness, and of peace,

One who bade us love our neighbor in the Heavenly Father's name :

Yet the god of battle riots, and his temples still increase.

For the ancient evil lingers ; man has war within his soul,

So he loves the clash and carnage, and the wild, triumphal shout :

Right and wrong against each other strive within him for control ; —

Ah, the ancient evil lingers, and he fain must fight it out.

III.

I, who dwell in scenes of warfare, may I not be something dulled

To the finer shades of justice, to the nicer sense
of right ?

I, who only do my thinking when the battle's
storm has lulled,

And there comes a time of quiet, as upon this
wintry night.

Can we, do we, settle questions, who is right
and who is wrong,

By the shock of rushing squadrons and the leaden
hail and rain ?

Is there really then a judgment in the wild,
unearthly song

Of the rifled-cannon bullet as it hurtles o'er
the slain ?

IV.

Ah, the finest-drawn philosophy must fall before
the truth ;

And the truth is plain and simple, as we own
with one accord ;

When the foe is at our thresholds hoary age
and callow youth,

Leaving argument and reason, trust sublimely
to the sword ;
And the student and the thinker, when the bat-
tle is at hand,
When the monster glares before them, seek to
bandy words no more ;
But a splendid fury rises, overwhelming all the
land,
And a nation's voice is lifted in the symphony
of war !

v.

So the thinkers who determine all the ways of
Deity,—
All His wondrous means of working out the
wisely hidden end,—
The philosophers who think to make us think
that they can see
How the plans of God are laid, and whither-
ward His labors tend,—
These may sigh, and say the present is no bet-
ter than the past,

These may call us savage creatures, who appeal
to shot and shell ;
But the truth remains triumphant, and our armies
gather fast,
And who meets his death in battle be assured
he meets it well.

VI.

Man must be the thing he is ; he must express
himself in deeds ;
So this outward war expresses only that which
wars within.
Do you, planting crimson roses, look for lilies
from their seeds ?
No ! a nation without war must be a nation
without sin.
If the hilt is in the hand, 't is surely there the
hilt belongs ;
Man and man are aye in conflict ; call it war
or what you will :
All the world is full of lies,—of old and thickly
crusted wrongs,—

And when blood is boiling hotly, there is always
blood to spill.

VII.

See, the moon has risen high above the black
and naked trees,
Like a shield of burnished silver on the sky of
night it gleams;
Comes the sighing of the cedars ever sadly on
the breeze;
Comes the sound of falling waters from the
troubled mountain streams.
Sternly frown the crags above me; darker shad-
ows round me fall,
And the fires of the encampment flash and
smoulder fitfully....
If the foeman break our slumber, ere the morn-
ing bugle-call,
Is the victor's goodly laurel, or the cypress
wreath for me?

J U N E 24, 1859.

I SEE the surf on Sandy Hook ;
I see the bay below me spread ;
And here I lie, with pipe and book,
And the blue sky overhead.

A quarter of a century
Has passed, and still I live to say
(Ah, little joy it gives to me !)
“ I ’m twenty-five to-day.”

It is not very long to live ;
At twenty-five we ’re scarcely men ;
And yet, a trifle I would give
If ’t were threescore and ten.

A dozen threads among my hair
Have changed from chestnut-brown to snow ;

June 24, 1859.

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But if they paled from weight of care
. It had been long ago.

About my eyes and on my brow
A few faint wrinkles I can trace ;
Time sets his signet even now
Upon my form and face.

And yet I look both young and fresh ;
I am not worn, nor pale, nor thin ;
Care's scars are slight upon the flesh,
But deep on that within.

Ah yes ! as seasons onward roll
My outward form seems still to thrive ;
But, looking back, I fear my soul
Is more than twenty-five.

J U N E 24, 1864.

I 'M thirty : 'tis not very old :
Yet never younger shall I be ;
Nor do I care my youth to hold :
'Tis not so very dear to me.

True, I have lived my share of life,
And found me many goodly friends ;
But, with all this, enough of strife,
And toil, and loss, to make amends.

And all my joys have wedded been
With bitter griefs : alas ! the bell
That rings to-day the marriage in,
To-morrow tolls the funeral knell.

Yet, though my brightest hopes have paled,
My faith in future good holds fast ;
My strength and courage have not failed,
And all shall finish well at last !

II.

G A Y .

" I do enjoy this bounteous, beauteous earth,
And dote upon a jest."

HOOD.

" He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er."

TENNYSON.

DON LEON'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF THE CARNIVAL.

I.

'T WAS — let 's see — ever so long ago,
There lived in Madrid, as you must know,
A gay cavalier
Who ne'er
Knew a fear
Of the doughtiest kind of a masculine foe ;
And who loved the ladies
Of Seville and Cadiz
As well as he did
Those of Madrid, —
Indeed, I won't swear that he did n't hanker,
At times, for the girls of Salamanca.
Yet still, in spite of his love and care
For the sparkling eyes and the raven hair,

He had n't the luck
(Or, it may be, the pluck,
Though 'twas hardly worth daring what he
did n't dare), —

In short, his affections he never had carried —

In having what young women call "an affair" —
So far as to think much about getting married.

He drank and he fought
Far more than he ought ;
And the records say
That, by night or day,
He cut up such shines, and in such a way,

That the daily papers,
Describing his capers,

Declared him the gayest of all the gay.
So much for my hero ; I'm thinking, though,
That you might like to know

His name ;
And that same
I'll tell you at once ;
'T was Señor Don Leon de Bayaldefonse.

II.

'T is carnival-time,
And many a chime
From silvery, clear-toned chapel-bells,
Is falling in sweet, melodious swells
On the air of the soft Castilian clime.
The stars are bright
In the sky of night,
And the moon is pouring her holy light
On grove, and garden, and plain, and steep.
The wind, as it blows,
Sings love to the rose,
And kisses the orange-blooms to sleep.
There's life in the town,
For, up and down,
A hurrying, countless, jovial throng
Is surging along,
And the gentle pulses of music beat
In time to the tread of the dancers' feet ;
The colored lamps swing to and fro,
Casting a myriad-tinted glow
On the masked and motley crowd below,

Like the varied hues of the bow of hope,
Or those of a mammoth kaleidoscope.

III.

Don Leon is there,
With vivacious air,
Costumed and masked with scrupulous care,—
Dancing and singing,
Love-glances flinging,
Stealing sly kisses
From indiscreet misses,
Whispering to them in a corner alone,
Guessing their names without telling his own,
Showering praises
On them and their graces,
Lifting their masks from their beautiful faces,
And playing such pranks,
With all classes and ranks,
That every one sees, as plain as can be,
Who knows *Señor Leon*, that this must be he!...
At length my gay hero a lady espies,
So carefully veiled as to hide e'en her eyes;

But her voice is so sweet,—
Such music complete,—
Her dress is so rich, yet so tasteful and neat,—
So bewitching he finds her, in air and demeanor,
He's almost in love, ere he hardly has seen her!

IV.

He speaks to this lady, and leads her aside,—
He earnestly begs her not to hide
Her beauties rare,
With such jealous care :
“ For,” says he, “ I know that you must be fair ! ”
“ Good sir,” she answers, “ my fate has said
That I must never, till I am wed,
Remove this mask ;
So do not ask,
But let us dance as we are, instead.”
Her voice was low
As the winds that blow
O'er the hills where Aragon's roses grow,
And the songs that heavenly angels sing
No sweeter, purer, or clearer ring.

Don Leon turned him half away,—
He heard that voice, and naught could he say,
Although he 'd have given
His hopes of heaven
To have seen her face for a moment, even ;
But to save all Spain
From sorrow and pain,
He could n't have asked her once again.
As the music arose
He drew her close,
And off they danced, on the tips of their toes,
With many a fling,
And many a swing,
Whirling, twirling, shifting, swaying,
Numberless pretty things softly saying,
Darting along
Through the mazy throng,
Till poor Don Leon felt that he
Was falling a victim to mystery,
And that it was true as heaven above
That he was heels-over-head in love !

v.

The waltz was done,
With its frolic and fun,
And the Don to plead his suit begun.
Again he led the lady aside,
To a lonely part of the courtyard wide,
And begged she would
Be kind and good
Enough, to take the veil from her hood ;
But no, — she would n't, —
She said she could n't ;
“ Why not ! ” asked he ;
“ Because,” said she,
“ You 'd certainly be
Scared half to death with what you would see.”
“ I 'm not afraid,”
Don Leon said,
And his hand on the veil he gently laid :
“ Back ! back ! ” she cried,
Quite terrified,
“ My face I must forever hide,

Until I am wedded,— a lawful bride ! ”

Alas for the Don,—

His heart was gone !

’T was a solemn step to decide upon,—

A serious joke,

If the truth were spoke,

And very like “ buying a pig in a poke ” !

But he ’d vowed to know, by hook or by crook,

How the face of the charming one might look,

So her hand he took,

And swore by the book

That, if she was willing his heart to delight,

They would go and be married, that blessed night!

“ Ah me ! ” cried the lady, “ at last I have found

A man with true-hearted courage crowned ! ”

And she fell in his arms with a joyful bound.

Then off they went,

On a wedding bent,

As swift as a bolt from a cross-bow sent,

Or (to be more modern), as swift as the bolt

That ’s sent from the pistols of Colonel Colt,—

And Father Ignacio Iago Malony
Soon showed
Them the road
To matrimony.

VI.

Now for the awful mystery !
The Don was almost dying to see
 The face of his wife,
Yet a dreadful strife
Arose in his breast.
And it must be confessed
That he felt — well, terribly nervous, at best !
In a room, in the old baronial hall
That the Bayaldefonses, one and all,
Had owned since the time of Adam's fall,
 Stood the Don and his bride,
Side by side,
Their hearts overflowing with love and pride.
 “ Come, bare thy head,”
The bridegroom said ;
“ Fair lady mine,

Let the light divine
Beam forth from those beautiful eyes of thine !
O, let me sip
The dew of thy lip,
Or kiss the blush from thy peachy cheek !
O, haste, sweet wife, nor longer seek
To keep thy glorious charms concealed,—
Take off thy veil,—let them be revealed !”
She dropped the veil,—
The Don turned pale,—
His joy—his pleasure—his hope—was gone,—
He had lost, before he had fairly won :
O gentle reader, pity the Don,—
What *do* you suppose he looked upon ?...
Only a SKELETON !

THE BIG OYSTER.

A LEGEND OF RARITAN BAY.

'T WAS a hazy, mazy, lazy day,
And the good smack *Emily* idly lay
Off Staten Island, in Raritan Bay,
With her canvas loosely flapping.
The sunshine slept on the briny deep,
Nor wave nor zephyr could vigils keep,
The oystermen lay on the deck asleep,
And even the cap'n was napping.

The smack went drifting down the tide—
The waters gurgling along her side—
Down where the bay grows vast and wide—
A beautiful sheet of water;
With scarce a ripple about her prow,
The oyster-smack floated, silent and slow,

With Keyport far on her starboard bow,
And South Amboy on her quarter.

But, all at once, a grating sound
Made the cap'n awake and glance around ;
“ Hold hard ! ” cried he, “ we 've run aground,
As sure as all tarnation ! ”
The men jumped up, and grumbled, and swore ;
They also looked, and plainly saw
That the *Emily* lay two miles from shore,
At the smallest calculation.

Then, gazing over the side, to see
What kind of bottom this shoal might be,
They saw, in the shadow that lay to the lee,
A sight that filled them with horror !
The water was clear, and beneath it, there,
An oyster lay in its slimy lair,
So big, that to tell its dimensions fair
Would take from now till to-morrow.

And this it was made the grating sound ;
On this the *Emily* ran aground ;

And this was the shoal the cap'n found —

Alack ! the more is the pity.

For straight an idea entered his head :

He 'd drag it out of its watery bed,

And give it a resting-place, instead,

In some saloon in the city.

So, with crow, and lever, and gaff, and sling,

And tongs, and tackle, and roller, and ring,

They made a mighty effort to bring

This hermit out of his cloister.

They labored earnestly, day and night,

Working by torch and lantern light,

Till they had to acknowledge that, do what they

might

They never could budge the oyster !

The cap'n fretted, and fumed, and fussed —

He swore he 'd "have that 'yster, or bust!"

But, for all his oaths, he was quite nonplussed ;

So, by way of variation,

He sat him quietly down, for a while,

To cool his anger and settle his bile,
And to give himself up, in his usual style,
To a season of meditation.

Now, the cap'n was quite a wonderful man ;
He could do almost anything any man can,
And a good deal more, when he once began
To act from a clear deduction.

But his wonderful power — his greatest pride —
The feat that shadowed all else beside —
The talent on which he most relied —
Was his awful power of suction !

At suction he never had known defeat !
The stoutest suckers had given in, beat,
When he sucked up a quart of apple-jack, neat,
By touching his lips to the measure !
He'd suck an oyster out of its shell,
Suck shrimps or lobsters equally well ;
Suck cider, till inward the barrel-heads fell —
And seemed to find it a pleasure !

Well, after thinking a day or two,
This doughty sucker imagined he knew
About the best thing he could possibly do,
 To secure the bivalvular hermit.
“ I ’ll bore through his shell, as they bore for coal,
With an auger fixed on the end of a pole,
And then, through a tube, I ’ll suck him out,
 whole —
 A neat little swallow, I term it ! ”

The very next day, he returned to the place
Where his failure had thrown him into disgrace ;
And there, with a ghastly grin on his face,
 Began his submarine boring.
He worked a week, for the shell was tough,
But reached the interior soon enough
For the oyster, who found such surgery rough —
 Such grating, and scraping, and scoring !

The shell-fish started, the water flew,
The cap’n turned decidedly blue,
But thrust his auger still further through,

To quiet the wounded creature.
Alas ! I fear that my tale grows sad,
The oyster naturally felt quite bad,
And ended by getting excessively mad,
In spite of its peaceful nature.

It arose, and, turning itself on edge,
Exposed a ponderous shelly wedge,
All covered with slime, and seaweed, and sedge —
A conchological wonder !
This wedge flew open, as quick as a flash,
Into two great jaws, with a mighty splash ;
One scraunching, crunching, crackling crash —
And the smack was gone to thunder !

THE DRINKING OF THE APPLE-JACK.

[NOT BY BRYANT.]

COME, let us drink the apple-jack !
Cut the tough lemon with the blade ;
Hot let the water then be made ;
There gently pour the liquor ; there
Sift the white sugar in with care,
And mix them all as gingerly
As poets mingle rhythmic feet
To print in some æsthetic sheet :
So mix we the apple-jack.

What drink we in the apple-jack ?
Buds, which the sprees of nights and days
Shall swell to blossoms all ablaze ;
Spots, where the rash, a crimson guest,
Shall put our good looks to the test.

We drink, from the distillery,
A balm for each ill-omened hour,
A pleasant alcoholic shower,
When we drink the apple-jack.

What drink we in the apple-jack ?
Sweets, from that Jersey farm, of Spring's,
That load the wagons, carts, and things,
When from the orchard-row he pours
His fruit to the distillery doors ;
And toddy-blossoms, red that be.
Drinks for the sick man's silent room,
For the *bon vivant* rosy bloom,
We brew, with the apple-jack.

What drink we in the apple-jack ?
Heads that shall swell in sunny June,
To ache like fun in the August noon,
And droop as sober folks come by
Under the blue September sky ;
And fellows, wild with noisy glee,

Shall breathe strong fragrance as they pass,
And tumble on the tufted grass—
The effect of the apple-jack.

And when above this apple-jack
The silver spoons are quivering bright,
And songs go howling through the night,
We, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall quaff our punch by cottage-hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Beside the red blood of the grape,
A bottle of a different shape—
The bottle of the apple-jack.

The glory of this apple-jack
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall drink till all is blue
The apple-jack of Sandynew ;
And they who roam upon the sea
Shall mourn the past but happy day

When grog made labor seem like play,
The day of the apple-jack.

Each year shall give this apple-jack
A mellower taste, a warmer bloom,
A potency 'gainst mopes and gloom,
And make it, when the frost-clouds lower,
A thing for punch of wondrous power.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall grow no better where we lie,
While summer's songs and autumn's sigh
Shall ripen the apple-jack.

And time shall waste this apple-jack !
Ó, when its aged barrels grow
Light, as the rare old juice runs low,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress us with a Maine-law bill ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the todless toper's tears,
If this should come, when length of years
Is wasting this apple-jack ?

“Who barreled this old apple-jack ?”
The bibbers of that distant day
Thus to some aged Sport shall say ;
And, fingering his goblet’s stem,
The gray-haired sage shall answer them :

“A poet of Jersey fame was he,
Born in the heavy drinking times ;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On drinking the apple-jack !”

SINGLE AND DOUBLE.

A CHRISTMAS JINGLE.

I.

LAST Christmas, I remember,
I sat beside the hearth,
And watched each glowing ember
To tiny flames give birth,
While the snow-flakes of December
Were whitening the earth.

Rapt close in meditation,
And all that sort of thing,
The idle brain's creation
And vague imagining,
I had a visitation
Perhaps worth mentioning.

My pipe its clouds emitted
In wreaths of azure hue,
Through which strange visions flitted,
As they are wont to do
When one is sombre-witted
And feels a little blue.

Strange vision ! girls with faces
Of loveliest blush and smile,
Whose forms wore all the graces
That strengthen woman's wile,
When clothed in silks and laces
Cut in the latest style.

Then rare, melodious noises,—
Some seraphic trombone,—
Came mingling with sweet voices
Blent in a tender tone,
Saying,—“ When all the Earth rejoices,
Why shouldst thou be here alone ? ”

I felt that I was weary
Upon that Christmas day ;

That I alone was dreary
While others all were gay
With Christmas feasting cheery,—
So I hadn't much to say.

And again they put the query,
Why I should lonely be
While other folks were merry,
And said they could n't see
Why I should be so very
Fond of my misanthropy.

While thus these figures fluttered
My lonely hearthstone o'er,
And still these voices uttered
Their question as before,
I, half unconscious, muttered
“I 'll be alone no more!”

“Away with melancholy!
I 'll seek me out a bride,
And when the berried holly
Glows red at Christmas-tide,

I'll know of no such folly
As a lonely fireside!"

Then fled the fairy vision!
Their object was attained;
They had fulfilled their mission,
Their ultimatum gained:
They fled, but my decision
Quite palpably remained.

III.

Again the Christmas season
Rolls round as seasons roll;
The feast is more than reason,
The flow is more than soul,
And tyrant Care, by treason,
Is drowned in many a bowl.

Within my pleasant chamber
I sit and muse once more,

While from the hearth each ember
Gleams red across the floor
And snow-flakes of December
Lie white on hill and shore.

Again I sit, but never
As once I used to sit,
By phantoms haunted ever—
Vague forms that fade and flit,
Enough to make a clever
Fellow have a stupid fit.

Ah no! my resolution
Has straightly been put through,
And another institution
Has crept my life into.
I have declared for “Fusion,”
And my ally has proved true!

My Ally,—that's my Alice...
A vision far more dear
Than those that rose in malice,
From the pungent Latakia

That burned within the chalice
Of my meerschaum pipe, last year.

No more in lonely musing
I hear the slow hours chime ;
No more my lot abusing
In sentimental rhyme ;
No more I'm caught refusing
To have a jolly time !

But, free from blues and bother,
Quite cosily at ease,
I sit by Baby's mother
With Baby on my knees,
And look from one to t' other
As proudly as you please !

So you, who do as I did
On Christmas-days gone by,
Ere She and I decided
Our forces to ally,
If lonely you 've abided,
This other method try !

Old bachelors grow spiteful,
As I erst-while have known.
Heart-loneliness is frightful,
And in the Book 't is shown
That it is n't good or rightful
For man to be alone.

I hear my Alice singing
As the Christmas snow-flakes fall,
And the Christmas-bells are ringing
From every belfry tall,
This Christmas burthen bringing,
“God bless us, one and all !”

THE BALLAD OF FISTIANA.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

MY form is wasted with my woe,
Fistiana.

There is no fame for me below,
Fistiana.

My fame has gone, like melted snow,
Though I can hit a heavy blow,
Fistiana.

Alone I wander to and fro,
Fistiana.

Once, my fame was widely growing,
Fistiana;

Day and night my friends were crowing,
Fistiana;

I was blowing, wine was flowing,

When I was to battle going,
Fistiana.

But, alas ! 't was naught but blowing,
Fistiana.

In the ring, till almost night,
Fistiana,

I stood proudly up in fight,
Fistiana.

Although the blood bedimmed my sight,
With stars that glimmered swift and bright,
Fistiana,

And left my eyes in shocking plight,
Fistiana.

The umpire stood against the wall,
Fistiana ;

He watched my fist among them all,
Fistiana ;

He saw me fight ; I heard him call :
My foeman was both strong and tall,
Fistiana :

He pressed me close against the wall,
Fistiana.

My heavy counter went aside,
Fistiana,—

The false, false counter went aside,
Fistiana,—

The curséd counter glanced aside ;
I missed his nob : my blow was wide,
Fistiana,—

My blow was very wild and wide,
Fistiana !

O, narrow, narrow was the space,
Fistiana !

Loud rang my backers' heavy bass,
Fistiana.

O, deathful blows were dealt apace,
The battle deepened in its place,
Fistiana ;

But I went down upon my face,
Fistiana.

They should have sponged me where I lay,
Fistiana ;

How could I rise and come away,
Fistiana ?

How should I look, the second day ?
They might have left me where I lay,
Fistiana :

Bruised, mauled, and pounded into clay,
Fistiana.

O feeble nose ! why didst thou break,
Fistiana ?

O me ! so pale and limp and weak,
Fistiana :

I took my drink, but could not speak,
With such a jaw and lip and cheek,
Fistiana,

Where fists had played at hide-and-seek,
Fistiana.

They cried aloud ; I heard their cries,
Fistiana :

Their plaudits rent the very skies,
Fistiana ;

I felt the tears and blood arise
Up from my heart into my eyes,
Fistiana.

Who says there 's fun in fighting, lies,
Fistiana.

O curséd hand ! O curséd blow !
Fistiana !

Unhappy me, by it laid low,
Fistiana !

All night my "claret" seemed to flow ;
I sat alone, in utter woe,
Fistiana :

To fight again I 'll never go,
Fistiana.

THE MODERN MITHRIDATES.

H O ! bring my breakfast ! give to me
Bread that is snowy and light of weight,—
Of alum and bone-dust let it be,
Chalk, and ammonia's carbonate :
Sulphates of zinc and copper too,
Plaster of Paris, finely ground,
Will make it evenly white, clear through,
With the outside nicely browned.

Give me butter to eat with the bread,—
Colored with saffron and turmeric,
Or orpiment, richer in tint 't is said ;
Let lard and sheep's brains make it thick.
Give me tea of a clear green hue,
Made of soapstone, and willow-leaves,
Arsenite of copper and Prussian blue,—
Their flavor the palate deceives.

Bring sugar, and sweeten the potion well,—
Sugar of lead, and iron, and sand,
Sweet as honey of Hydromel,
Or the pressure of Mithridates' hand !
Though maybe coffee would clear my head
Better than such a cup of tea,—
Coffee of ochre, Venetian red,
And the potent chicory.

Then, with my chop, let pickles green
Cool my tongue with flavorous bliss ;
Steeped and soaked, they must have been,
In salts of copper and verdigris :
Most inviting to me they are
When full of the pungent taste I find
In sulphuric acid vinegar,—
A condiment just to my mind.

Ha ! you start ! you think that I,
Being a man of mortal clay,
After my meal will surely die,
For these are deadly poisons, you say :

Poisons? yes! yet one and all
Are found on every grocer's shelves;
Our bills of mortality are not small,
But how can we help ourselves?

THE CRUISE OF THE FLORA.

A NAUTICAL BALLAD.

LAST week I went to Barnegat;
All on a shooting spree;
And I will take and eat my hat
If 't was not jollity.

The piping winds across the sky
Full many a cloud did blow,
The while we piped, my friends and I,
A jollier cloud below.

Though Barnegat boasts no great man
Who paints, or speaks, or writes,
Whoever threads her channel can
Descry some shining Lights.

And there we lay three days, I ween,
Nor moved with sails or oars ;
The only game that we had seen
Was euchre, or all-fours.

But when the sun, one morning, shone,
Dispelling cold and cough,
Good gracious ! how we all went on,
And how our guns went off !

The ducks and geese came flying round,
And though they were no fools,
A number fell upon the ground,
'T was said, between two stools.

In Manahawkin Swamp, we heard,
That one, with gun or snare
Might capture bear ; but some averred
The swamp was bare of bear.

So hunting bear we did not go,
Our sport was *quantum suff*;

And several tore their trousers so,
They had bare-skin enough.

We sailed 'twixt island-shores of grass :
The channel there is shoal :
And as we bowled along the pass,
We passed along the bowl.

A wreck on shore outlived the gale
But sailors none were here,
So when they wanted to make sale
They got an auctioneer.

(These 'long-shore sales, as I suspect,
Are humbug and a curse.
The ships by breakers may be wrecked
But brokers are far worse.)

For Tuckerton our sails we set,
Some stores and things to buy ;
And though we all got very wet,
We all felt very dry.

And if you want to take us down . . .
Our looks, and what we wore . . .
The people of that little town
Can tell you something more.

Our week was up ; we headed toward
Egg Harbor's bar of foam ;
We were not free to go abroad,
So we were bound for home.

At Little Egg . . . the pass, you know . . .
The wind was blowing free ;
We doubted if 't was safe to go,
But we went out to sea.

'T was growing cold, and dark, and late,
We saw nor moon nor star ;
Our skipper steered for one thing straight,—
The buoy behind the bar.

All night our northward course we lay,
Till off the first Hook light,

Where, as we hankered for the day,
We anchored for the night.

Next morn we rose betimes, and saw
The billows wash and comb,
While we went dirty as before,
Until we reached our home.

Thus closed our trip to Barnegat,
'T was finished up and done ;
And I will take and eat my hat
If 't was n't jolly fun.

THE CORONER'S JURYMAN.

I KNOW many things that are stupid,—
A donkey, a new-landed foreigner,
A young fellow bothered by Cupid,
And — the Juryman called by a Coroner !

This last is the worst, to my thinking;
For, though he looks stately and dignified,
While solemnly, owlishly blinking,
He forgets what the evidence signified.

He learns there has been a “Disaster” ;
Views the scene with much nausea and dizziness ;
But whether the man or the master
Is to blame — why, 't is none of his business.

He measures the ground with much caution,
Gets all topographical distances,

Talks wisely of traction and torsion,
Of motors, concussions, resistances.

And sometimes he goes to much trouble,
With copious wind and verbosity,
To show if the track had been double,
'T would n't lessen the rate of velocity !

So, having considered the matter,
And deduced all the facts from the premises,
He decides, after viewing the latter,
It is Destiny,—otherwise, Nemesis.

An accident's quickly forgotten ;
A juryman's mercy's delectable ;
If the rails and the ties are all rotten,
The Directors are very respectable.

Some blame may be thrown on a stoker,
If friendless, or killed, or non-resident ;
But your Juryman — artful old joker ! —
Knows more than to censure a President !

Meanwhile, we must rein in our fury ;
He thinks us but carpers and cavillers ;
When the Roads have full leave, from the Jury,
To play fatal Tricks upon Travellers.

Thus 't will be, till some shrewd Superintendent
Is placed, with avenging severity,
On a sour apple-tree swinging pendent,
To serve as a hint to posterity.

THE DANGERS OF BROADWAY.

BY A PROMENADER.

I.

WITH a slam, and a smash, and a rattling
crash,
Come the sticks,
And the bricks,
Bits of glass, blind, and sash,
That the laborers rash
Tumble down, all the day,

From the houses now being destroyed in Broadway.

Strange odors and musty,
The air sharp and dusty
With lime and with sand,
That no one can stand,
Make the street quite impassable,
The people irascible,

Till every one cries,
As he trembling goes,
With the sight of his eyes
And the scent of his nose
Quite stopped — or at least, much diminished,
“Gracious! when will this city be finished!”

II.

Mr. Smith builds a store — may be more —
In the year '53.
But, in '58, he
Finds that, which he calls “the old (!) building,”
a bore,
A disgrace to the town —
So of course it comes down,
And another, much stronger,
Goes up in its place,
With a handsomer face,
To last five years more, or perhaps a year longer.
Meanwhile Mr. Brown
Pulls down
His building, near by,

And the dust that he makes
Causes all sorts of aches ;
For, like his "improvements," 't is all in one's eye !

III.

But the dust's not the worst of this ruin accurst ;
'T is the danger,
Each stranger
(And citizen too) is always put through,
In walking amid such a hullabaloo.

E'en a temperance man —
Let him do all he can —
Is likely to get (and be well off at that)
An exceedingly heavy great brick in his hat.

Powdered with mortar,
Sprinkled with water,
Smoked, soaked,
Poked, choked,
Turned into the street,
By walks incomplete,
Till the pleasures of Broadway are sadly diminished,
And all say, "O gracious ! when will it be finished ?"

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN TOWN.

[Being the Lament of a Poet who couldn't get away. The reader will observe that each verse is concluded by an explosive refrain, from the firearms without.]

I REALLY don't know what to do
('T was thus a Poet sang)
Amid this dreadful hubaboo
That drives me crazy—
(Bang!)

I did not wish in town to stay;
It cost me quite a pang
To find I could n't get away,
But fate is cruel—
(Bang!)

The streets are filled with smoke and noise,
And everywhere a gang

Of ruffian men and rowdy boys
Are firing pistols —

(*Bang!*)

Ah! out of town the air is sweet,
Where nodding roses hang
Above the brook that laves their feet,
But here 't is horrid —

(*Bang!*)

In every public place and hall
The orators harangue,
Amid a dun and dusky pall
Of smoke and sulphur —

(*Bang!*)

Whatever patriots may say,
With all their buncombe slang,
In town, this Independence Day
Is but a nuisance —

(*Bang!*)

'T was well enough, when into birth
Our Independence sprang;
But this! 't is Tophet here on earth—

(*Crack! crash!! whang!!! clang!!!! slam-bang!!!!!*)

THE BROWN STONE WHAT-IS-IT.

A CIVIC BALLAD, WITH A CHORUS ONTO IT.

One day, when his cash was almost gone,
Said he, "I'll sculpture Washington!"

Immortal in brown-stone shall he be,
With an architectural plinth, you see,
An architec-tural, lural, lural,

Architectural lay.

He got the stone and he pecked away...

I think it took him at least a day...

Then he called some friends, whom he had found
In the agricultural districts round ;
With their agricul-tural, lural, lural,

Agricultural lay.

'T is hard to believe the tradition true ;
But they said 't was fine, and he thought so, too !
'T was the sorriest figure, bald and bare,
With a mournful and sepultural air ;
A sepul-tural, lural, lural,

Sepul-tural lay.

The Artist was proud...he held up his head...
“'T is the flower of all my works !” he said.

But the City Fathers are lovers of Art,
And with this statue they could not part;
They said in the Park it should remain
Throughout their civic and mural reign,
Their civic and mural, lural, lural,
Civic and mural lay.

So, for this brown-stone what-is-it to pay
They gave two thousand dollars away,

And tax-payers groan, both near and far,
"What expenditural fellows these are!"
Expendi-tural, lural, lural,
Expendi-tural lay.

THE SHARPSHOOTER'S LOVE.

[IN TIME OF WAR.]

THE finest friend I ever knew,
And one with whom I dare not trifle ;
Who in all danger sees me through,
Whose aim is ever good and true,
Is my sweet Minie Rifle.

She gently rests upon my arm,
Is always ready, always willing ;
And though, in general, somewhat calm,
Wakes up, upon the first alarm,
To show she can be killing.

And she is very fair to see,
The most fastidious fancy suiting ;
Her Locks are bright as they can be,
And that her Sight is good, to me
Is just as sure as shooting.

Though used to many a fiery spark,
She's never careless in her pleasure ;
She always aims to hit the mark,
And when her voice the Southrons hark,
They find she's no Secesher.

The heaviest Load seems not to weigh
Upon her more than 't were a trifle ;
She's highly polished : and I'd pray,
Were I bereft of friends this day,
O, leave me Minie Rifle !

THE SONG OF THE STONE-HULK.

[IN TIME OF WAR.]

TIME was I roved the Northern seas,
To chase the blubbering whale,
But now I lie in dreamy ease
To rest my poor old ribs and knees.
A Cell, but not a Sail.

A number of us calmly lie,—
J. D. is not alone,—
And barristers who southward hie
Can comment, passing Charleston by,
Upon the works of Stone.

Though old, I still am stanch and stout;
A store of Rocks have I;
My comrades and myself, no doubt,
With such a lot of bars about,
Will ne'er get high and dry.

The sharks, the porgies, and the whales
Swim by with look intent,
And ask if, when I bent my sails
To lead the life this job entails,
I followed out that bent.

Though Davis, spite of shame and sin,
Controls the South, 't is true,
To Lincoln I my faith give in...
As I a three-master have been
Two masters will not do.

When cannon against Sumter's wall
Shall roar in warlike sort,
I'll think, as howl the shot and ball
From frigates trim and taut and tall,
'T is their, but not my, forte.

So here in Charleston Bay I lie,
A part of war's great game;
To pass me let no skipper try,
For though he reck but little, I
Shall wreck him all the same!

THE NEW NIMROD.

[BY MCARONE.]

6.

IN tangles deep of vine and thorn,
And over uplands rough and furzy,
I took a dog and gun, one morn,
And went to slay the game of Jersey.

I borrowed Charly Bucklin's boots
(He's surely had a smaller size on),
And said, "Here comes a man who shoots
Whatever game he claps his eyes on !

"Ye quails, hide quick among the sheaves ;
Ye partridges, leave off your drumming ;
Ye rabbits, take your sudden leaves,—
A mighty hunter now is coming !"

Full many a mile I trudged, that day,
Beset by thorn and spur and splinter ;
One half the birds had flown away,
The other half were killed last winter.

Along the road a peasant came,
And cried, in accents light and airy,
“ Ho ! sportsman, what’s your little game ? ”
I only said, with sorrow, “ Nary ! ”

The rain came down without a pause,
The raging wind roared loud and louder,
And all my consolation was :
“ I’ve saved a deal of shot and powder ! ”

So now I ’ll put all guns away,
Save in defence of starry bunting,
Remembering that unhappy day
When I went down to Jersey, hunting.

Yet ’tis not I who am to blame
For having by misfortune gotten

Into a place where was no game
To shoot, be shooted, shot, or shotten.

Ah, no ! 't was but that Destiny
To me was always somewhat tricksy ;
And when again you hear of me,
'T will be, I hope, from down in Dixie.

TWO SENSIBLE SERENADES.

I.

I SING beneath your lattice, Love,
A song of great regard for you :
The moon is getting rather high ;
My voice is, too.

The lakelet in deep shadow lies,
Where frogs make much hullabaloo ;
I think they sing a trifle hoarse,
And, Love, me too.

The blossoms on the pumpkin-vine
Are weeping diamond tears of dew ;
'T is warm : the flowers are wilting fast ;
My linen too.

All motionless the cedars stand,
With silent moonbeams slanting through ;
The very air is drowsy, Love,
And I am too.

O, could I soar on loving wings,
And at your window gently woo !
But then your lattice you would bolt —
So 'I'll bolt too.

*

And now I 've done my serenade,
Farewell ! my best regards to you ;
I 'll close with one (French) word for all,
And that is tout.

II.

THE surf upon the distant shore is breaking ;
Bright tears of dew the roses seem to weep ;
But you are prejudiced against awaking,
So I 'll sing small, and let you have your sleep !
Sleep, lady, sleep !

You shall not chide me for this song, love, shall
you ?

I take great pains my voice subdued to keep,
For well I understand the lofty value
All sane folks set upon a wholesome sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep !

Some fellows — at their nonsense oft I wonder —
Sing out with voices strong and loud and deep,
Until their loved ones wish they 'd go to thunder,
Or, like myself, sing small, and let them sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep !

The grass is wet ; I find that I am sneezing ;
This kind of thing is getting rather "steep" ;
The thought of rheumatism is n't pleasing,
So, with your leave, I 'll home to bed and sleep.
Sleep, lady, sleep !

“NO MORE.”

THE Summer Season's over;
No more I haunt the Springs or Shores;
No more I lie in clover,
And suffer myriad rural bores.

I feel no headache warning
Of sunstroke, 'neath the skies of fire;
I dance no more, till morning,
With mortal maids who must perspire.

No more I haunt the stables,
To learn how racing matters go;
No more I sleep on tables,
Because “the house is crowded so.”

No more the milk and honey
Of watering-place cuisines are mine;

But I, for much less money,
Can much more comfortably dine.

No more the famous waters
Disgust my taste and make me ill;
No marriageable daughters
Are now thrust at me, will or nill.

Sweet blondes, and brunettes haughty,
No more with dressed up tradesmen flirt;
No more their nags (2.40)
Dash by, and cover me with dirt.

The dread mosquito, singing,
No more torments me with his ways;
Nor, sharper tortures bringing,
The still more terrible punaise.

The sea its rocks is scathing,
As heretofore; but beauty bright
No more goes in a-bathing,
In togs that render her a fright!

I see no white sails dotting
Old ocean's bosom, blue and broad :
I go no more a-yachting,
And lose my dinner — overboard.

Bluffed, badgered, bored, and bandied,
No more am I : I 'm home at last ;
And own up — to be candid —
I 'm very glad the season 's past.

OPENING DAY

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

THE splendor falls
On cloaks and shawls,
And showy goods in every story ;
The gas-light shakes
Its lurid flakes,
And the Counter-Jumper's in his glory !
Blow, merchants, blow ! set the big stories flying ;
Blow, merchants ! answer salesmen, — lying, —
lying, — lying.

O bah ! O dear !
What talk I hear,
And thinner, weaker, feebler growing :
These fellows are
Too bad by far,

The horns of their employers blowing :
Blow, merchants, blow ! set the big stories flying ;
Blow, merchants, answer salesmen, — lying, —
lying, — lying.

Ah, would they try
To live — or die —
By manly toil, despairing never !
But no, each soul ,
Plays woman's *rôle*,
And tape and yardstick rule forever !
Go, merchants, go ; send these young spoonies
flying ;
And you, O salesmen ! stop your lying, — lying,
— lying.

THE COMMON COUNCILMAN.

'T WAS an illegant Common Councilman,
His nose it was red an' his eyes was
sunken.

As grocery-clerk his life began,
Till he had to "resign" for bein' dhrunken ;
'T was then he was thick widh the market
boys,

An' many an evenin' he got a singein',
Or helped to make confusion an' noise,
At work on a blazin' roof, or an ingin'.

He managed the votes of his pet masheen,
An' swep' his ward like a reg'lar hurricane ;
An' whin he was spacheless widh bog-poteen,
He thanked the Lord he was no American !
So they 'lected him, aisy enough ;
He could n't be Prisident — more's the pity —

On account of the “Native American” stuff;
But they giv’ him a fat berth undher the city.

His hair was red and his brogue was nate,
An’ whin he ’rranged the affairs o’ the na-
tion,

His vote was always appropriate,
For he voted for ivery appropriation :
Of blarney he had enough an’ to shpare ;
His spache was wondherful fine an’ flowery ;
He was mighty fluent upon the swear,
An’ he kep’ a “sample-room” in the Bowery.

Soon he came to belong to “the Ring,”
An’ got mighty rich widh his jobs an’ leases,
Had horses an’ wagins an’ iverything,
An’ chucked his money around like Crœsis.
Ivery mornin’ he rode in his shay,
And went to Delmonico’s for a luncheon ;
An’ he drownded the shamrock St. Patrick’s
day
In a punch that fairly filled a puncheon.

All the relations he iver knew,
To his wife's fourth cousin and great-aunt's
brother,
Got a place undher the City too—
Ivery wan had some pickins or other ;
An' so he lived, resppected by all,
Who, through him, could touch the City's
rhino ;
Whin he died, 't was an illegant funeral,
An' he went—O, bother ! it's more than I
know.

DOUGLAS'S SERENADE.

AIR, — *Molly Bawn.*

O POLLY TIX, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you?
The Stars and Stripes are brightly shining,
And pray why should n't I shine too?
O Polly Tix! O Polly Tix!

The Black Republicans are snarling;
They take me for a thief, you see;
They know I'd steal a march, my darling,
Unless defeated I should be.
O Polly Tix! O Polly Tix!

My little nose doth brightly bloom, dear;
My little eyes do brightly shine;

The White House must be some one's home,
dear,

And may be it was made for mine.

O Polly Tix! O Polly Tix!

February, 1860.

THE CONSERVATIVE'S LAMENT.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

I HATE the dreadful nigger, within the pile
of wood ;

His name is the demagogue's weapon, dabbled
with blood in its sheath ;

At Harper's Ferry still lingers a silent horror
of blood,

And Echo there, whatever is asked her, an-
swers "death."

For there is a ghastly grin on political faces
found ;

The nigger is all their life—they know how to
manage him well—

Dandled and flattered first, then crushed on po-
litical ground—

This is the rock on which the Whig Party
split and fell.

Have we flung ourselves down? If so, the greatest of nations has failed;
Our honest men mutter and madden, our statesmen are wan with despair;
When the nigger has walked through the land,
the working classes have wailed,
And the flying gold of the ruined merchants gleamed on the air.

I remember the time when my bitterest bile
was stirred
By the *Herald's* gas, and the dead-weight *Times*,
and the *Tribune's* fright,
When its white-coat editor said, in every column,
he heard
The shrill-edged shriek of Kansas divide the shuddering night.

Villany somewhere? whose? I think they are villains all;
Not one politician his honest fame has maintained;

And that old man, now lord of the White House
reception-hall,
Will soon drop off from his term, and leave
us flaccid and drained.

Why do we prate of our government's power?
we have made it a curse—
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for gold that
is not its own;
And the lust of gain, or the senator's cane, are
they better or worse
Than the scalping done by the savage, in war,
with a sharpened stone?

But these are the days of advance, the works
of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a
politician's word?
Is it peace or war? . . . civil war, as I think;
and that of a kind
The viler as being political — abuse instead
of the sword.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the hint
Of the golden bribe—why not? I have nei-
ther hope nor trust;

May make myself eligible, set my face as a flint,
Cheat, be elected, and steal: who knows? we
are ashes and dust.

March, 1860.

QUEER WEATHER.

THE summer is hot and the summer is dry,
The water is low in the stagnant pool ;
There's a parching earth and a cloudless sky,
And even the cucumbers can't keep cool :
Still worse — while the summer astonishes all,
I fear there'll be very queer weather this fall.

In Dixie the thunder is fearfully loud,
The lightning is common, too, yonder, they say,
And e'en in the North is a gathering cloud
That may do us harm before clearing away :
It won't come amiss, then, to look for a squall,
And prepare for some very queer weather this fall.

'T is odd that while drouth scorches forest and plain,
And the land is as dry as an empty cup,
Poor Washington's troubled with too much reign,

And the people are praying the Pumps may
dry up :

For change in the programme they earnestly call,
And I think they'll have very queer weather
this fall.

There's a sprout in that city — a flourishing
weed —

That grows upon ruins and blooms on despair ;
It sucks up the richness that other plants need,
And takes to itself all the sunshine and air ;
At present 't is lusty and thrifty and tall,
But I think 't will have very queer weather this fall.

Well, let us hope on, though the heavens may
frown ;

Such weather can hardly last always, you know ;
The day must come, even to Washington town,
When the ruin-born blossoms no longer can blow' ;
And sunshine shall follow, in cottage and hall,
The very queer weather that's coming this fall !

FACILIS DECENSUS AVENUE.

[“We see that one of our fashionable tailors has broken ground in Fifth Avenue, and converted one of the fine mansions therein into a magazine of garments. In a short time we may expect to see most of the magnificent private residences in this avenue converted into retail stores and shops.” — *Daily Newspaper.*]

I.

ACCORDING to popular talk,
The palatial street of New York
Is falling from grace
At a terrible pace.

I hear, when I promenade there,
Strange voices of grief in the air ;
And I fancy I see
The sad sisters three,
With their black trailing dresses
And dishevelled tresses,
Go, solemn and slow,
To and fro,
In their woe,

Sighing,
And crying
“Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!
There’s a Tailor in Fifth Avenue!”

II.

O, sorry and sad was the day
When this Tailor came up from Broadway,
With his stitches,
And breeches,
His shears and his goose,
And his fashions profuse,
To the house that has been,
In years I have seen,
Most aristocratic
From basement to attic!
But gone are the flush and the fair,
And those voices still float in the air,
Sighing,
And crying
“Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!
There’s a Tailor in Fifth Avenue.”

III.

Where sweet Crinolina once slept,
The sempstresses, may be, are kept ;
And, perhaps, in her dressing-room, where
Her maid combed that glistening hair,
 Some cross-legged fellow,
 Round-shouldered and yellow,
May sit, with his needle and thread ;
For the glory that reigned there has fled !
 How oft to that door she ascended
 When the ball or the party was ended,
 Flushed, beautiful, bright,
 A queen of delight,
An angel quite worthy of heaven !
To that door now a tailor's cart 's driven.
No wonder that voice cries — “Eheu !
There 's a Tailor in Fifth Avenue !”

IV.

Then where shall the flush and the fair
Find refuge ? Ah, Echo says “ Where ? ”
There are dentists in Madison Square ;

The boarding-house, too, appears there ;

And I've heard,

In a word,

That some kind of factory, or mill,

Is soon to disturb Murray Hill !

Now, if fashion must be

(And it seems so to me)

Crowded upward, each year,

I very much fear

They'll be shoved — and the thought makes

me shiver —

Off the island and into the river ;

Sighing,

And crying

“ Eheu ! Eheu ! Eheu !

There's a Tailor in Fifth Avenue.”

THE SONG OF THE HOME GUARD.

"I only ask for Peace ; my god is Ease." — ALDRICH.

"LET dogs delight to bark and bite,"
I have no taste for war ;
My joy is not in fire and fight,
In cannon's roar and bullet's flight,
And nasty pools of gore.

O no, I hold 't is very wrong
My fellow-man to slay ;
But when I see the martial throng
Go clattering by, ten thousand strong,
I'm carried quite away.

I love the drums' and trumpets' crash,
The uniforms and things :
The sunlit sabre's glittering flash

(When all unused to human hash !)

To me a pleasure brings.

So much I love the pomp and show
That warlike men display,
I once had half a mind to go
Where swords must strike and blood must flow,
And some must run away.

But well I knew their lot is hard
Who through the South do roam ;
And rather than be maimed or scarred
I 've joined the glorious, gallant Guard,
Who vow to stay at Home.

So down Broadway I proudly ride,
Through heat and dust and noise ;
My dress-sword jingles at my side,
And I am puffed by martial pride,
And chaffed by vulgar boys.

Let others fight, let others fall,
Let others wear the bays ;

But at the military ball
Let me adorn the festive hall,
Where gimp and buttons blaze.

Then fill your glasses full and free,
And drink the health that's right,—
To him that joins my company
And only wants, like me, to be
A Broadway carpet-knight.

'T is ours to keep well fed and warm ;
We scorn all poor supplies ;
We fear no bloody battle's storm,
We wear a nice new uniform
And tend our shops likewise.

So now, brave boys, I move that when
The war has drained our land
Of good and valiant fighting men,
Should we be called, I move that then
We instantly disband.

A VOICE FROM ON DECK.

[JACK TAR SPEAKS.]

GOOD Mister Welles, my mind is set,
And I must say my say or die:
I never minded getting wet;
Why should you keep me dry?

On sprees I never used to go;
I took my ration — *quantum suff* —
But then I am a Salt, you know,
And salt is thirsty stuff.

When nausea would not let me sup, —
When winds did blow and skies did frown, —
Grog often kept my spirits up,
And kept my victuals down.

Each Salt that roves the briny wave
Will tell you I have truly sung;

And what you at the spigot save
Will leak out at the bung.

Since you've pronounced the fatal word,
Our fun goes never quite so far:
And pray, what could be more absurd —
A sober jolly Tar?

I used to sing a merry stave,
However loud the tempest roared;
But now my energies I save, —
There's not a stave on board.

Without my grog I feel afraid
To venture where I've little room;
Yet 'tis a portion of my trade
To go upon a boom.

Now, Mister Welles, I'll say good by,
With hopes that, in a little while,
We water-dogs may not be dry, —
We jolly Tars may smile!

THE PLAINT OF THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

I'M a very dirty little Stamp ;
My back is gummed, my face is dimly blurred ;
And yet I am, in commerce, cot, and camp,
Familiar as the well-known household word.
Yet O, to think that I should ever be
Converted into legal currency !

Now on an envelope I'm not so bad,
And I take letters through both cheap and
neat ;
Sticking to one thing was a way I had,
But now I stick to everything I meet :
And O, to think that I could ever be
Passed in the place of metal currency !

To do my duty I did ne'er refuse ;
But woe is me ! for I have fallen low ;

I'm passed for vulgar drinks and oyster-stews,
And dirty shaves,—'t is that that sticks me so!
Alas! alas! that I should ever be
A victim to the dearth of currency!

Thumbing and gumming have quite worn me out;
I'm drab and dingy now, instead of red;
My back is weak, and soon, without a doubt,
If I am passed much more I'll lose my head.
O sorry day! when I did chance to be
Put to the use of baser currency!

1862.

THE WAR-POET'S LAMENT.

WHEN lovers and sweethearts and households were sundered,
And lurid clouds darkened the bright southern sky,
When cannon and mortar and musketry thundered,
And tyrants in foreign lands trembled and wondered,
How happy and busy a poet was I!

I sought no laborious plots and devices ;
Battle-rhymes almost unconsciously come ;
You can chop 'em off neatly, to order, in slices,
Charging — and getting — most fabulous prices,
If lavish of "death-dealing cannon" and "drum."

O, how I revelled in visions of battle :—

“ Blood,” and “ destruction,” and “ victory’s shout,”

“ Piled heaps of slain,” and the “ horrid death-rattle” ! . . .

Now I must poetize small-talk and tattle ;

Peace has come in, and my trade has gone out !

What shall I sing, whose sole stock has been Glory ?

How shall I turn from the worship of Mars ?

How leave a field so productive and gory ?

Changing to tranquil and pastoral story ?

How shall I pay for my wine and cigars ?

Such a *dénouement* I hardly expected,

Till the sad morn when I rose from my bed,
Saw the white temple that Peace had erected,
Found my last war-song politely rejected,

Myself in despair, and with never a red !

Ah, it is mournful ! our soldiers and sailors
Furnish no longer a theme for my pen :
What foes we have left we confide to our jailers,
And — gad ! I 'll write rhymes for the popular
tailors,
And sing of brave garments instead of brave
men !

S H O D D Y .

TERRIBLE times of sorrow and need ;
Times to make hearts of adamant bleed ;
Times that seem to have been decreed
To chasten our wayward nation :
Fathers and brothers thinning away,
Bread growing scarcer every day,
Famine to pinch and sword to slay —
'T is a woful situation !

But, even as Nero, in days of old,
Unmoved, heard Roman fire-bells tolled,
And saw the machines that rattled and rolled
To the scene of the great disaster,
The while he rosined his fiddle-bow,
And played some classic " Rob Ridley, O ! "
So we make merry, while all things go
To the dickens, faster, and faster !

Parties, sociables, visits and calls,
Operas, hops, and Russian balls,
'Mid broken pillars and tottering walls,

Enough to bewilder a body ;

Silver and gold, and gems of the mine,
Satin to rustle and silk to shine,
Feathers and fuss and frippery fine —

The paraphernalia of Shoddy.

Carriages flash through the crowded street,
Flunkeys in livery stiff on each seat,
Buttoned and caped from head to feet —

Most solemn, majestical flunkeys ;

And "tigers," to let down the steps with a bow —

Learned, only tigers and Heaven know how !

Dressed up in a fashion I must allow

Like that of the organ monkeys.

The ladies, who walk when the weather is fair,
Show marvellous tastes, with a marvellous air.
Nothing can be too splendid to wear ;

Too gaudy, too fine, or too funny ;

For credit is good, if prices are high,
And a government nod, or wink of the eye,
Can pile up "greenbacks" clear to the sky,—
"Greenbacks" being Shoddy for money.

So yellows, and blues, and scarlets, gay
Go sweeping the pavements every day,
Making a rainbow of poor Broadway,

With a glare that is really stunning;
And even the churches where fashion goes
Are a mass of follies and furbelows,
Flirtation and foolery under the rose,
Past even the serpent's cunning.

While Shoddy over its turtle gloats,
Our soldiers shiver in rotten coats,
And our tars go down in their leaky boats,

The victims of contract building;
And poverty starves in its wretched slums,
Or freezes to death when the north wind comes,
While Shoddy is picking the sweetest plums
From its bed of gingerbread gilding.

But what cares Shoddy for all these things?
Shoddy, the richest of paper kings:
Shoddy, who dances, fiddles, and sings
 On the crater of wild inflation?
What does he care? Not a sou-markee!
He fattens and battens in luxury,
As if his reign were a thing to be
 Of eternal perpetuation.

But Damocles' sword hangs overhead:
Justice may sleep, but she is not dead;
“Vengeance is mine!” the Lord hath said;
 And soon, at the end of the story,
Fruitiest wine shall be bitterest gall;
Silk and satin make shroud and pall;
Truth shall rise and Shoddy shall fall,—
 To the nation's lasting glory!

1864.

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